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NOT COMMITTED YET!

THERE was no comfort in Mr. Bevin's speech in the House of Commons on Wednesday. As a final Note, believed to be merely a summary re-statement of the Western Powers' minimum terms for a Berlin settlement, was being despatched to Moscow, he had to be content with repeating that the continued Soviet blockade was "dastardly," and that Berlin could be supplied, at the cost of some suffering, by air-lift throughout the winter. He insisted that to give way on this issue would be another Munich, and asserted that the Western Powers were in complete harmony both as regards the Berlin negotiations and the steps to be taken in the event of their failure. He hastened to add that this did not mean "that we are committed to war and all the other things that might ensue—we have not reached that stage yet."

This picture of Allied unity glosses over the fact that, so far, the French differ radically from the reparations and dismantling policies of both the British and the Americans, and—according to the semi-official *Le Monde*—are reluctant to follow the American line of taking the explosive Berlin dispute to the Uno Assembly, with the obvious risk of finally disrupting the only remaining machinery of world peace.

The Foreign Secretary did not enlighten the House as to the precise points of deadlock reached in the Military Governors' talks. According to report, these concern the control of the issuing bank in the Soviet Zone and the conditions of trade and currency convertibility between Berlin and the West. The Allied case seems to be that, when it came to detailed negotiations, Marshal Sokolovsky was not willing to give effect to the intentions of the agreement reached, in principle, with Stalin. However this may be, the reality is surely that no agreement was possible because of the determination of both East and West to have their own German policy?

Gathering Clouds Over France

By a majority significantly smaller than that which he secured when he sought a mandate to form a Government, M. Queuille has put through the Assembly his Bill to bridge the Budget deficit by fresh taxes, which will fall most heavily on the middle class, and by economies calculated to provoke bitter feelings among civil servants and employees in the nationalised industries. He must now tackle the still unsolved problem of wages in relation to soaring prices; and the necessity for a speedy solution is to be seen in the growing momentum of protest strikes led jointly by the Communist C.G.T. and the *Force Ouvrière* and Christian unions. A new complication in the Premier's position arose this week through the announcement by M. Duclos that the Communists would vote against the postponement of the local elections—an issue on which the party previously abstained. This change of front on the Communists' part is evidently a consequence of the speech delivered at Grenoble by General de Gaulle who, for the first time, openly threatened the Government with extra-Parliamentary action. If the present "incapable" Coalition tried to cling to power after the electorate had been consulted in October, declared the General, he and his supporters would have to "repeat our performance of 1940, and use Resistance means to revive the fallen Republic." As this barely concealed hint of violent methods was accompanied at the Gaullist rally by bloodshed in which the General's strong-arm bodyguard appears to have been responsible for the shooting, the Communists have presumably decided that the challenge from the Right may as well be met this autumn. That is, they are prepared to risk the consequences of elections in which (they doubtless assume) the Centre will be weakened, but from whose turmoil a possibility—however remote—may emerge of a new Left Front being re-created to defend "the people."

The Testament of Bernadotte

It may well prove that by his death Count Bernadotte achieved his greatest act of mediation. Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin have both given their general approval to his latest proposals which reached the Assembly on the day after his murder; and Mr. Marshall has gone further in urging that these proposals should be accepted as they stand without haggling over details. In the mood induced by the murder of the mediator, this course is likely to meet with general consent in the Assembly. The Arab extremists are likely to get short shrift, and the Jews also will find it difficult to achieve substantial modifications. Judged objectively, the revised Bernadotte plan is a great improvement on the disastrous first draft whose premature publication convinced the Jewish terrorists that Bernadotte had become a tool of the Western Powers. Jerusalem, instead of falling to Abdullah, becomes an international city. The Jews lose the whole of the Negev, allotted to them by the Uno Commission, and where five settlements have successfully resisted all Egyptian attacks. In exchange, they are to obtain Western Galilee, which they now hold by right of conquest. On balance, this is a heavy sacrifice for Israel. The Negev, now an arid desert, is the only area where the Jews could hope to experiment on a large scale with new methods of irrigation and soil conservation. If these had proved successful, it would have provided homes for hundreds of thousands of Arabs as well as Jews. Under Arab rule, nothing of this sort is likely to be attempted. Equally important, the Negev is thought to contain both oil and thorium. If Bernadotte had lived, the Jews might have been successful in maintaining their claim to part at least of the area. It may well be that the Stern Gang, in their determination to win all Palestine and Trans-Jordan for the Jews, have in fact only lost them the Negev.

Bridging the Gap

The Government's statement on the balance of foreign payments during the first half of this year is reassuring: it is at any rate clear that the seriou deterioration which took place between 1946 and 1947 has been stopped, and the task of winning the battle of the gap looks considerably less formidable than it did even six months ago. We trust, however, that the Government does not want the country to draw the inference that all of now plain sailing or that, with the assistance is

Marshall Aid, we are now in a position to afford diversion of labour and material to rearmament, in addition to financing out of our share of E.R.P. dollars large credits to other members of the Western Bloc. Indeed, the figures which the Chancellor presented to Parliament last week warrant no such comfortable conclusion. So far as visible trade is concerned, the deficit is still running at an annual rate of over £300 millions. This is an improvement of nearly £130 millions on 1947, but still exceeds by more than £100 millions the debit balance in 1946. The reduction in the overall deficit from £630 millions in 1947 to an annual rate of £280 millions this year is due partly to a welcome saving of nearly £100 millions in Government expenditure abroad, partly to a cut of over £30 millions in the net cost of travel, and partly to a bigger income from shipping, but also to a surprising expansion by £75 millions in the estimated "invisible" earnings of banks, insurance companies and other City institutions. How far the apparent swing-over of the invisible items from a deficit of £192 millions in 1947 to a credit of £32 millions this year will be substantiated when the final accounts for 1948 are made up, it is difficult for the outsider to judge. Even as it is, the drain on our gold and dollar resources is still substantial and, but for Marshall Aid, would amount in 1948, on the basis of the first six months' experience, to over £500 millions. This, it is true, compares very favourably with the loss of over £1,000 millions in 1947; but it should be appreciated that nearly £230 millions of the improvement is due to a reduction in the deficit with the dollar area incurred by members of the sterling area other than the United Kingdom. On Britain's own account the dollar deficit during the first six months of this year was still running at the rate of over £400 millions annually, including the transactions with countries outside the dollar area proper which had to be settled either in dollars or gold. In short, though we have made an encouraging start towards closing the gap in the balance of foreign payments, the battle is still far from won. Faced, as we are, with signs that the sellers' market in many branches of the export trade is ended—to say nothing of the uncertain attitude of a new Congress towards a further E.R.P vote next February—we should be embarking on a policy of economic suicide if we decided that aircraft, guns and tanks must have priority over production for export.

Sir Stafford in Ottawa

The problem which Sir Stafford Cripps went to Ottawa to discuss this week is the still unsolved one of providing the Canadians with U.S. dollars in exchange for what we buy from them. For the moment, the main question is that of the availability of E.R.P. dollars for paying for offshore purchases, especially if American wheat prices drop below the prices we have agreed to pay for Canadian wheat. The Foreign Assistance Act in its final form forbids offshore purchases at prices higher than U.S.A. prices, wherever U.S. supplies are available. This final proviso may provide a loophole; but the Canadians are worried, and will hardly agree to release the unspent balance of their credit to us unless they can get assurances that dollars will be forthcoming to pay for a substantial proportion of what we buy. Behind this immediate problem lurks the much bigger long-term problem of the orientation of the Canadian economy. What is to happen if Marshall Aid ceases prematurely, or is cut down, or if, when it ceases in the normal way, Great Britain is in no state to restore sterling convertibility? The Canadian consumers' market is too tied to that of the United States for more than a very limited diversion to British products to be practicable; but without such a diversion Canada cannot continue to feed us without getting dollars in exchange. On the other hand, a switch of Canadian exports to the United States would be difficult, if not altogether impossible on the scale required. If our difficulties are the more acute, in the long run Canada's are also very serious. Sir Stafford will evidently go on to Washington in the hope of getting the Americans to find a way round the immediate problem about offshore purchases; but even if that can be done, the bigger question will not be solved, and indeed cannot be until that happy day when the British economy will again be strong enough to stand on its own feet, and to meet the Canadian dollar deficit out of the dollar proceeds of its own trading accounts. That looks like being a long time ahead—indeed, almost like the Greek Kalends.

Hyderabad

The speed with which the Indian Government's operations in Hyderabad have been concluded is in itself a justification of the action taken. The Nizam's supporters could not hold out for more than four and a half days, and the great bulk of his people have warmly welcomed the Indian troops—showing the fatuity of any claim that the Nizam's policy had reflected the will of his subjects. In no sense can the recent fighting be described as a war between India and the State of Hyderabad. It was a punitive expedition against a Prince and his tiny hierarchy who had overreached themselves. Now that this has become clear, the matter will doubtless be dropped from the agenda of the Security Council, and even that vociferous Conservative element in this country, so determined to use any excuse it can find to disrupt the Commonwealth by attacking the Indian Government, will become quiet. Fortunately, too, the need to deal with the Nizam by force has not provoked any communal disturbances in the rest of India, nor has the Government of Pakistan felt impelled to interfere. Razvi's threats have proved abortive, and the Nizam is probably hoping for a quiet life, freed from the embarrassing support of the Razakars, and with the prospect that the task of "restoring order" in the State now rests with India. The way is now set for a reconstitution of the Government on more popular lines and the creation of a democratic structure in the State. Naturally, the new members of the Nizam's Government will be more friendly to India. That does not imply, as *The Times* suggests, an unwarrantable partisanship but merely a more accurate reflection of the true feelings of the population. That India will use her power wisely is guaranteed by Pandit Nehru's speech in which he has promised comprehensive elections and the determination by the people of their own form of Government. It may well be that, for sentimental reasons, Hyderabad voters may decide to keep the Nizam as their titular head. If so, India will certainly raise no obstacle.

The Swedish Elections

There is enough similarity between the economic and political situation of Sweden and that of Britain to lend particular interest to the results of last week-end's Swedish elections. It had been widely expected that popular resentment at the policy of austerity enforced on Sweden, as on Britain, by dollar shortage would bring about the defeat of the Social-Democratic Government, and that the voting would show a marked swing to the Right. In fact, the Social-Democrats have obtained a fresh mandate, and Hr. Erlander will stay in office. The Liberals, as expected, have gained heavily and more than doubled their representation in the new Riksdag; but their gains have been at the expense of the Right-wing Conservatives and Agrarians, and the Social-Democrats made good most of their losses by winning six of the fifteen seats formerly held by the Communists. Thus the Middle Way, hard-pressed in other Western European countries, has received in Sweden a new lease of life; for, though the Liberals stand ideologically for the *laisser faire* conceptions of the nineteenth century, they are likely to give the Government general support in the "welfare policy" which Hr. Erlander has announced his intention of continuing. So far as foreign policy is concerned the effect of the voting will be to confirm Sweden in her neutral attitude. The Communist set-back suggests that there is no question of any close links, economic or political, between Sweden and the Eastern bloc; but even the Liberals, who have consistently advocated the need for good relations with Britain and the United States, are as averse as the Social-Democrats from any entanglement with the military purposes of the Brussels Pact.

Divided Korea

By announcing that Soviet troops will be evacuated from Northern Korea by January 1, the U.S.S.R. has won an important round in Far Eastern political warfare. The decision is stated to be the reply to an appeal by the Supreme People's Assembly of Korea. This Assembly was formed after elections held in August in the Korean People's Republic, *i.e.*, the part of Korea under Russian control. The Soviet troops will be replaced by a Korean army, reported to be 125,000 strong, which they have trained and equipped. Meanwhile, in a regime with features similar to those in Eastern Europe, a new drive has just started for economic self-sufficiency. In South Korea, 30,000 American troops will remain until the question of Korea is considered by the United Nations. This fact, together with the artificial bolstering up of South Korea's economy, gives colour to the Soviet propaganda line that South Korea is a satellite of America and a potential strategic base on the Asiatic mainland. Its Government, recently formed, is strongly anti-Communist and, with or without American pressure, will adopt a hostile attitude towards the regime in the North. Thus, whilst the two regimes in Korea may be virtually autonomous as far as their internal administration is concerned, they are inevitably the victims of the struggle for power between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. But whereas, in the Soviet-sponsored sphere, there are experienced Communists, a number of them Moscow-trained, in the American-sponsored sphere most of the leading positions are held by Right-wing politicians belonging to the old regime. There is fertile soil here for Communist propaganda which is violently anti-American and which makes an appeal to the nationalist Koreans who want to see their country united again.

Pattern of Irony

The Dutch have offered to help the Indonesian Republicans to put down Communism! Having denounced the Republicans as extremists and Japanese quislings, having used every pretext for delay in reaching an agreement with moderate Socialists like Dr. Sjahrir, having thwarted the work of the Good Offices Commission of the Security Council and persuaded Uno to refuse discussion of the American-Australian proposals for a settlement, they have now discovered the surely rather obvious truth, that the refusal to recognise the legitimate nationalism of the Republicans is the surest way to create Communism. Until recent months the Communist Party in Indonesia was an almost insignificant force. Now, disillusioned about the hope of agreement with the Dutch, many young Indonesian Socialists and nationalists are looking to Communism as the only road to independence. In East Java, they staged a *coup* last week-end, and their leader Musso is expected to call for a general strike throughout the Republic. We doubt whether *The Times* was conscious of the irony of its own change of heart this week when, commenting on the Communist threat, it said that "the Dutch would be well advised to make a fresh effort to reach an understanding with the Indonesian Republic." Dr. Hatta's Government has naturally refused to accept Dutch help against Communism. Dr. Hatta and his colleagues were always Indonesian nationalists; they were not Japanese quislings yesterday, and they are not Dutch quislings to-day.

PARLIAMENT: Words by the Forelock

Wednesday

A TRIOLET of women M.P.s brought novelty to the debate on the Lords which too frequent rehearsal had been in danger of turning stale. Megan Lloyd-George, in the day's best speech, placed her arguments against their right of veto with the same cool thump as a champion tennis player making a forehand drive. For the Tories, Lady Tweedsmuir (who was Lady Grant) brought, in her fashion, a note of gentle reproof to Labour Members. As one of them said privately, "She all but abolished the Commons." But he was an insensitive fellow who called the music of Lady Tweedsmuir's voice tea-time music, and expected her at the end of each sentence to add, "One lump or two?" There was little but praise for Jenny Lee's strong beer. If the opinions of the old I.L.P. on the Lords have suffered dilution, it was not to be detected in her speech.

Two Labour Members—Arthur Greenwood and Maurice Webb—who through ill-health had been away from the House, made a welcome reappearance. Greenwood, undeterred by the kindly reception that the Tories gave him, attacked the Lords with the fervour of an evangelical Socialist; Webb, with his easy Parliamentary style, argued temperately that the Lords had no special gift for divining public opinion. The most effective Tory reply—more convincing than Maxwell Fyfe's legalism—came from Martin Lindsay, who claimed that it is the composition, not the constitutional powers, of the Lords that should be changed.

Birch's winding-up speech was a *pastiche* of Oliver Stanley's manner that didn't quite succeed; the fireworks spluttered and popped but didn't rise. Chuter Ede swept away its irrelevancies and discussions in a sentence when he said, "After that interlude we will return to the Bill." But more notable than the development of Birch's ideas has been the development in his oratorical manner. In a comprehensive, eurythmic gesture, he now stretches his arms like a Roman Senator, and bends his knee-joints like a jockey.

On the Third Reading the lawyers set to, and brought a certain tedium to the debate. But the previous day, Ungoed-Thomas had demonstrated that a legal training need not disbar a Member from clarity, unforced eloquence and a claim to the full attention of the House. Like him, Hogg is a lawyer who can blow life into legal argument. With obvious self-control, he curtailed his speech to seventy-three minutes. Acland, who followed him, expanded his to three minutes, though he took rather a long time to get going. But his point, that a Labour Government was entitled to the same opportunities of unimpeded legislation as the Tories had always enjoyed, was irresistible.

It is a pity that Hogg in full flow should often allow himself to be diverted by trivialities. At one moment he interrupted himself to say that Kirkwood had charged him with not believing a word he said. Kirkwood replied, "What I said was, 'Herbert doesn't believe a word you're saying.'" Hogg replied, "Who Herbert may be or what Herbert may think is, I am sure, something which is not in the Bill." Perhaps Kirkwood meant Herbert Morrison. At any rate Morrison was there, attentive and watchful, helping with his two speeches to defend the right of the Commons to legislate in accordance with the wishes of a sovereign people.

Some Members like Wilson Harris had asked, "Why bother with the Lords when Berlin is what really matters?" Jenkins answered that legislation can't help Berlin; but it can help at home. Nevertheless, the quiet thunder from the far horizon did not favour a tranquil mind. Nor did the Foreign Secretary's first speech of the Session with its air of improvisation encourage peaceful sleep. The Tories were dissatisfied, and their back-bench criticisms ranged from a description of it as "gabble" to a suggestion by Pickthorn that parts of it were incoherent. In connection with Malaya, Pickthorn, who shares the Foreign Secretary's regard for French culture, quoted Baudelaire,

> "Là tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté
> Luxe, calme et volupté."

MAURICE EDELMAN

DEFENCE AND DOLLARS

UNACKNOWLEDGED anxiety, indistinguishable from apathy, has now given way to the undisguised talk of war. With the failure of the Moscow negotiations, with M. Vincent Auriol's appeal to the United Nations Assembly to seize the last precious chance of peace, with the Government announcement of retarded demobilisation, increased armaments and measures of civil defence, we face the possibility of a struggle leading to world-wide destruction which, almost in passing, would obliterate civilisation in this country and throughout Western Europe. Those who most fear Communism know that war would not end its appeal, but would be more likely to leave humanity with no alternative but some form of totalitarianism as a cure for world chaos. The object of all thinking people must be to seek ways of preventing war. In modern conditions, to think of war as a means of achieving any rational end is imbecile.

With recent history to guide us, we naturally regard any measure of increased defence as the beginning of a full-scale armament drive leading to war. This may be, but is not necessarily, the case. So far, it must be noted, the new defence measures introduced by the British Government are, judged by military standards, inadequate even for peacetime commitments. The postponement of demobilisation for three months provides us, on paper, with some 80,000 extra men at the end of this year. But of these 80,000, few will be either of the right quality or in the right place. Indeed, a general slow-down of demobilisation provides the fewest real effectives at the maximum cost in individual hardship and economic dislocation. Involving, as it does, the disappointment of many service men, it is an inefficient and unfair method of retaining manpower in the forces; and its adoption can only be justified by the argument—unfortunately true—that when so many mistakes have been made, nothing else can be done. As a rapid method of increasing our defensive capacity, the doubling of fighter production and the reopening of direct recruiting for pilots in the R.A.F. is technically a great deal more efficacious.

It is certainly true that with a sensible long-term policy the 800,000 men now under arms could have provided a much larger number of fighting units. But quite apart from the grave position in Berlin and the drift towards general war, the military commitments involved in our foreign policy have ever since 1945 vastly exceeded the forces available to the Chiefs of Staff, even if those forces had been efficiently organised; and it has long been obvious that even a secondary crisis or a small-scale campaign would blow the lid off. This is what has happened in Malaya

These new defence measures therefore must be looked at from two points of view, first as a stop-gap military plan forced on us by an ill-planned defence policy, and secondly as a diplomatic counter. From the strictly military angle, they are only defensible if they are accompanied at long last by a recognition of the mistakes which made them inevitable. Does Mr. Alexander yet admit to himself that neither a Class Z reserve nor a conscript army can be used in peacetime to meet the requirements of Empire strategy? Does he confess that ever since 1945 he should have concentrated on two tasks, the rapid creation of a long-term professional army and the building up of a Class A Reserve of not less than 10,000 men, required in return for extra reserve pay to go back to the Forces without a general call-up of the Class Z Reserve? Conscription does not do away with the need for a professional army. It demands that that army should be enlarged, since at least 40,000 professional soldiers are required for conscript training. Moreover, the loss of the Indian Army had anyway reduced the number of fully trained fighting units available for Empire defence. Because this was not realized, we have to-day neither the necessary fighting units available nor the cadres into which the half-trained conscript can be fitted in the case of war. Through mismanagement, conscription, which was designed to increase the number of trained reserves in the case of a major war, has only resulted in our having more men under arms and fewer effective units than ever in our history.

What next? There is still a danger that under pressure from the Conservatives, Mr. Alexander will reverse his decision to cut down National Service from 18 months to a year, and think that he has thus solved the problem. But in fact, his surrender to his own backbenchers was one of the few realistic decisions which he made as Minister of Defence. It at last prevented, or should have prevented, the Government from relying on half-trained conscripts for overseas service and so compelled recognition for the need of a larger and much more highly qualified professional army. Merely to extend the period of conscript service—with no other radical reform—would make confusion worse confounded and, even worse, confirm the heresy that a mass conscript army, despite the lesson of France, would be of any use in the event of war.

So much for the technical military problem. When we turn to the political and economic issues involved, we are faced with much graver and more difficult decisions. The purpose of the Government, in announcing this token rearmament, was to issue a warning that Britain, in the last resort, is prepared to defend her independence by force of arms. It is certainly true that Britain is in a better position to assert its independence if it has sufficient strength to be able to resist an invader. The same is true of Western Europe as a whole. But such a conception is only realistic if the defence measures taken do not frustrate the efforts of Western Europe to achieve economic independence. Bargaining power, the possibility of moderating American policy—and Britain and France have both been moderating forces in recent months—depends much less on military strength, which cannot in any case be great, than on the capacity of these countries to stand on their own feet. If we allow our fear of war to involve us in a dislocation of our economy fatal to that economic independence which was our avowed aim in accepting Marshall Aid, then we throw away our influence and become merely an expendable satellite, an unsinkable aircraft carrier for American bombers.

It is in this light that we must consider any proposals for rearmament. Defence measures, designed primarily to strengthen Britain's influence in preventing war, may easily become only part of preparations for a war which make that war inevitable. The danger that we may drift from the first stage into the second is obvious. We have not yet taken irremediable steps which, by destroying the possibility of economic independence, would make us merely a helpless part of the American war machine. But even our present, token rearmament raises the whole issue of the relationship between European rearmament and the Marshall Plan. E.R.P., after its drastic pruning by Congress, is already well below the minimum necessary for full European recovery. In the interests of distressed areas such as France and Germany, Britain has been rightly willing to forgo the full use of the aid earlier allocated to her. Sir Stafford Cripps's heartening speech last week on the success of the production and export drives will be rendered completely nonsensical if the Government once accepts the principle that rearmament—even on the present limited scale—should be paid for out of E.R.P. We believe that this point should be put bluntly to the Americans: the cost must come not from the funds allocated for economic recovery, but through a system of Lend-lease extended as a bulk subvention to the signatories of the Brussels Pact.

It must be noted, however, that Lend-lease, though avoiding some of the immediate disasters

to our economy which would result from rearmament financed out of E.R.P., has its own long run dangers. If full-scale rearmament began, we should finally drift into the position in which we lived during the last war, and from which we are only now beginning to recover. We should be living on supplies given to us from abroad in exchange for total dislocation of our economy, neglect of our machinery, loss of overseas markets and the acceptance of a complete dependence on the United States.

This simple fact should be as clear to America as it is to us. Certainly one of the main aims of the Marshall Plan, and indeed of Western Union, is to hold the spread of Communism without precipitating war. This can only be done by an economic reconstruction which raises the standard of living and correspondingly reduces the strength of the Communist parties in Western Europe. Rearmament, from the American point of view, may be an effective way of preparing to defeat Russia, but it is a certain method of increasing Communist strength in Western Europe if it is done at the cost of economic recovery. To-day the existence of a Socialist Britain, surpassing her European neighbours in her rate of recovery and contributions to mutual assistance, is almost the only fact to which the forces of democratic Socialism throughout Europe can look for comfort and inspiration. A peaceful democratic Britain moving, albeit slowly, towards Socalism is a far better assurance against Communism than American dollars or atom bombs. Large-scale rearmament would not only force this country into complete dependence on America, but destroy altogether its power to check the forward sweep of Communism from Eastern Europe. Once we regard a hot war against Russia as inevitable, we shall indubitably lose the cold war against Communism.

PUBLISHING SLUMP?

If figures can be taken at their face value, there is no slump in books. Publishers' turnover for the first three months of 1948 set up a new record, £7,543,707. *The Bookseller*, noting that the first quarter is always the least productive, averaging in past years about one-fifth of the year's trade, has estimated that, if 1948 progresses normally, the year's total turnover will be about £35 millions, as compared with less than £11 millions in 1938. Certainly the demand for school books of all kinds, dictionaries, reference books, technical manuals and reprints of the classics, is not likely to be satisfied for years to come. But what of fiction and books of general interest? In this important field—important because it includes all creative writing—there is clear evidence of change. Booksellers have for some time been reducing and cancelling their orders. Some small publishing firms have gone bankrupt; others are unmistakably on their way out.

The optimists, and there are many of them in publishing, declare that this is not the beginning of a slump but merely the end of a period of abnormal expansion. They are confident that a substantial proportion of the new reading public gained by war-time conditions will continue to buy books. I hope the optimists are right. But, as I see it, there is no ground for complacency. Publishers may soon be faced with conditions which in many respects are more unfavourable than they were in the nineteen-thirties. Conditions then were bad enough. Many first novels sold only 200-300 copies, and the majority of novels and non-fiction books were published at a loss. Occasionally a best seller turned up, but for the most part it was only possible to survive if you had a good back list (every publisher's dream, for the old books sell themselves without benefit of costly promotion), or if you were uncommonly lucky. Between 1931 and 1939, twenty-one well-known firms of book publishers went out of business. Several promising young publishers were obliged to amalgamate with bigger and stronger firms. Even old-established houses lived precariously on the proceeds of old books. A few new publishers held on by the skin of their teeth. I know, for I was one of them.

When I first had anything to do with the production, advertising and selling of books, twenty-five years ago, I found nearly everywhere an optimistic expectation that the public for books would steadily increase. Thanks to compulsory education, it was often said, a more literate generation, inspired with the love of books, would ensure prosperity for publishers. This sanguine view was disappointed. But the publishers themselves were chiefly responsible for the failure of their publications. They produced, year after year, more and more books that the public did not want. The folly of over-production was vigorously attacked by a few sane publishers, but their advice and pleading were ignored. The book trade went from bad to worse, with publishers desperately increasing their output in the hope of finding a winner to make up for all the losses. Booksellers were overstocked with unsaleable books. The market was flooded with remainders. Popular newspapers added to the confusion by offering sets of Dickens and other books at bargain prices. Penguins, courageously bought out by the Lane brothers, convinced the already sceptical public, indifferent to the hidden economics of book publishing, that ordinary books were much too dear, and dealt a mortal blow to the run-of-the-mill 7s. 6d. novel and the inferior 15s. biography or travel book.

What saved publishers? Two things: the war, which rapidly created an unbelievably large reading public and incidentally wiped out some 20 million books in warehouses; and paper rationing. Educational publishers, students, authors and the public were entitled to write indignant letters to *The Times* about the effects of paper rationing, but no general publisher ought to have been guilty of such effrontery. He should, indeed, belatedly give thanks to providence, if not to the Government of the day, for the shortage of paper and other materials. For that, above all else, saved him from ruin and, by preventing supply from overtaking demand, gave him several years of unexampled prosperity (chastened, of course, by taxation) and liberation from some of the most difficult problems of pre-war publishing. From 1941 to 1947 publishers could not indulge in extravagant display advertising—one of the follies of the 'thirties; they could not over-print; all they had to do was ration their books to eager customers.

To-day the picture is different. The customers are not so eager. Paper and other materials, skilled labour and new machinery are gradually becoming more plentiful. (In 1945, 6,747 books were published; in 1947, 13,046. The 1948 total will be substantially bigger.) Over-production already threatens us. When more newsprint is released publishers will again be exposed to the temptation of cut-throat display advertising. Moreover, even if many newly-gained readers remain faithful, books have to face increasing competition. When other shops were empty or could offer only shoddy goods at high prices, books (exempt from purchase tax) were good value. To-day there are many rival attractions. The decline in the sale of children's books since toys became again obtainable is significant. All forms of sport and recreation compete in varying degree with books for the public's lessening margin of cash and leisure.

To these revivals of old and familiar dangers must be added new and formidable problems. Foremost is the alarming increase in manufacturing costs—not a serious item when books can be printed and sold in large quantities, but an immediate and serious menace when printing runs are reduced, because of the disproportionate rise in the manufacturing cost per copy. To-day it costs over twice as much to produce books as it did ten years ago. The increase in price to the public is less than 50 per cent. Nor does the publisher get the full benefit of the price increase; the bookseller's discount and the author's royalty take approximately 6d. out of every 1s. Production delays mean loss of sales for the success of many books, especially novels, depends on quick reprinting. Overhead costs, always a big publishing burden, have of course enormously increased. Everything depends on sales. If they continue to fall, publishers will soon be faced with the disagreeable alternatives of increasing prices or publishing new books at a loss.

I predict that prices will eventually be raised, I hope in time to save some good firms from extinction. There is always, and creditably (since books are not merely merchandise) strong opposition inside the trade itself to an increase in prices, but economic pressure will enforce it—unless of course the optimists are right. Production costs, however, are more likely to go up than down; already there is an understandable demand for larger print, wider margins and better quality paper. The public now want something better than "war-time economy standards."

A new and serious danger is the infiltration of American editions into traditionally British overseas markets. This was inevitable when British publishers could not supply and some unscrupulous American firms could. Contracts reserving these markets have been no bulwark against American thrustfulness. Canada and South Africa in particular have been flooded with American books. Handicapped as they still are, British publishers are putting up a fight, but the Americans have tasted blood.

One of the complicating factors of the book trade is that books are not expendable. How fortunate in comparison is the manufacturer of shoes or sealing wax! Books can be borrowed free of charge (if you are prepared to wait your turn) or for a small fee; so small, indeed, that in the case of a novel the publisher and author may get no more than a penny or so between them from each reader. Although the libraries are in many ways an invaluable support to both author and publisher, they complicate enormously the economy of the book trade. Secondhand books, cheap reprints and remainders also provide the public in normal times with alternatives to newly published books.

Few publishers have adequate financial reserves. It is widely believed that most firms amassed fortunes in the past few years. Big profits were certainly made, but since pre-war profits, if any, were small, the excess profits tax made a clean sweep. Publishers' valuable stocks disappeared years ago. Those firms which have their own printing and binding plants have been unable to replace worn-out machinery, although E.P.T. refunds will to some extent enable them gradually to do so. Less fortunate are the majority who own no machinery or plant. They face the future with nothing but their goodwill in the trade, courage, and their own devotion to books.

It is, of course, possible that publishers have profited by the salutary experience of the past seven years. At least some realise that the restoration of supplies on a pre-war scale must inevitably bring back the old problems and dangers. This is the crucial year; for, from 1941 to 1947 all books sold themselves. Now they can be sold only with effort and intelligence: and bad books cannot be sold at all. If only publishers would stop saying, "Think of all the people who discovered the value of books during the war." (They, or their predecessors, said "Think of the spread of popular education.") "Surely half of them will remain our customers for life? Even if only 25 per cent. go on buying books . . ."

In the difficult times ahead there are ways of salvation open to publishers, although none, I fear, will replace the necessity for a general price increase. The first is increased co-ordination between publishers, to reduce their working expenses by pooling their purely administrative departments. Such rationalisation (already functioning between 17 firms in the Book Centre) enables firms to operate at a profit on a smaller turnover, and is thus a useful antidote to over-production. Secondly, the abolition of remain-

ers, which have for many years been a curse in he book trade, just as the accumulation of econd-hand cars bedevilled the motor-car indus- y before the war. If I had my way, all books ould be compulsorily pulped two years after ublication unless a stipulated number of copies ad been sold by the publisher within the pre- eding twelve months. The loss to authors and ublishers would be negligible, and the general ain would be incalculable. Thirdly, the Govern- ent should be given no peace until the pub- shers' problems, especially overseas, are dealt ith more sympathetically and intelligently. inally, and most important of all, publishers hould co-operate more closely than in pre-war ears.

There is real hope here, for in the past five ears publishers have at least learned that they an work in harness, in spite of their traditional ndividualism. Co-operation between publishers nd booksellers, too, is closer and more effective han it has ever been before. The problems of he book trade, new and old, can be largely olved by such internal co-operation, provided hat the reasons for the abnormal prosperity of he past few years are clearly understood. Regi- entation of publishers is as repugnant as the ensorship of books, and as impracticable; but well-organised and co-ordinated book trade is ssential in order to retain the goodwill and ustom of the new book public. Without such o-ordination not only publishers and booksellers will suffer. Authors will not be efficiently pub- ished and the public will be ill served. If pub- ishing economics are important it is not because ublishers must make a profit but because hey ust survive. For on the survival of the vul- nerable general publisher depends the production f the creative literature of our time.

MICHAEL JOSEPH.

U TIN TUT

In Burma, U Tin Tut was a symbol of the Western connection. That no doubt is why he was killed. Violence has always been close to the surface in Burma and today Communism is organising and exploiting indigenous dacoitry. The cry is that the West must go. No matter that in Burma this battle is won; that British influence is no longer an important factor in the policy of the Burmese government, and that the only intelligible matter for argument is the amount of compensation reasonably due to dispossessed British firms. No matter that what might have been a bitter war had been averted by common sense; no matter that Burma had escaped the miseries of Viet-Nam. The story of Ireland had to be repeated; civil war had to follow the war of liberation and those who had worked for peace and their country's liberation have to be murdered by the gunmen and throwers of hand grenades. U Tin Tut was a symbol of the West and therefore he is dead.

U Tin Tut was an Oxford Rugger Blue who was welcomed for his athletic prowess by the British when, student days over, he returned to Burma as a member of the I.C.S. But, welcomed as an athlete, he was also informed that as a Burmese he could not be a member of the clubs in which his fellow athletes drank to the old country in the evenings. His nationalism was hardened and embittered by this treatment. Reading his obituaries in the British press today it is ironic to recall that he used to be reviled as a bitter enemy of the Empire. Whatever other charges could be made against him—and there have been many—no one can deny that he worked steadily both for the libera- tion and reconstruction of his country. It was he who accompanied U Saw, then Prime Minister, on his crucial visit to England during the war. Mr. Churchill sowed the seeds of much un- necessary misery when he rejected U Saw's request that Burmese friendship should be rewarded with Dominion Status after the war. U Tin Tut took no part in U Saw's parleys with the Japs, and when U Saw was held prisoner, U Tin Tut was allowed to return to this country. It was during the war years that I made his acquaint- ance. He had the dignity and charm that seem to belong by right of nature to Burmans, and he also had an acute, trained mind that could hold its own in any financial or diplomatic dealings with Western imperialists. He accompanied Aung San and, later, Thakin Nu on their missions to England, and was responsible for the financial settlement with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I saw much of him again in Rangoon last January, when Burma celebrated its independence. He was accused of being willing to serve in any Government. That is true in the sense that he was essentially a civil servant, and not a politician. He had no party behind him; he belonged to the Government because he was the indispensable counsellor and the only man in Burma who was thoroughly versed in the intricacies of inter- national diplomacy and finance.

When he was in this country a few weeks ago, I was able to learn from him something of the complexities of Burmese politics and to discuss with him the Communist rising which seemed to me, as to other friends of Burma, unprovoked and senseless. Even now I cannot say to what extent these Burmese Communists, who have begun this civil war though they have repeatedly refused to take part in the Government which had accepted nine-tenths of their policy, are inspired by Moscow. When mutiny took place in the army, U Tin Tut joined up as a soldier. Later he was made Inspector-General in the hope, I suppose, that he would be able to bring better organisation and discipline into the Burmese Forces. He was not interested in killing Com- munists, nor did he want to maintain British influence in Burma or to offer it any but fair compensation. He stood as always for an independent Burma which he was ready to see developed on Socialist lines, but he also stood for reason and common sense. Such qualities are the first casualties in civil war.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

HIGHLAND DIARY

SINGLE-TRACK roads, as ill-made and full of holes as Ernest Bevin's worst speech, are the only approach to the Ross-shire village where I have just spent a ten-days' holiday. The lochs and hills, when discernable through the driving rain, were even more superb than they are reported to be by lyrical Highlanders exiled in England. On the two days when the hills were not thickly blanketed with mist, I waded happily through the bog, scrambling to the tops over boulders, bracken and heather. Not that I found it difficult to occupy myself on the more numerous days of dirty weather. I am no sports- man, and I left to others the endless discussions about whether trout are more likely to rise to a Zulu or a Grouse-and-claret. I listened without much concern to arguments about the morality of poaching in waters owned by a dog-in-the- manger who will not enjoy his own lochs nor permit others to do so; I listened disinterestedly to lamentations about the declining grouse- shooting and the selfishness of deer-stalking. Caring for none of these things, I was content to wander in the foothills, eat sandwiches by the burn in a mackintosh, or sit on the shore breathlessly watching gannets as they dived like bombers into the bay. On one occasion there was even a basking shark to look at. In between whiles, and even more interesting, I had long conversations with the Highlanders of whom, as Queen Victoria remarked in her diaries, "one sees so many in the Highlands."

* * *

I am far from suggesting that any conclusions about the Highlands can be drawn from desultory conversations in a few villages in Ross and Cromarty. I read with respect statements by Mr. Woodburn and other leading authorities about the new industries that must be built to re-populate the Highlands. I have read many articles about the neglect and poverty of Scotland, and I assume that there must be some economic basis for the statement repeatedly made in my hearing that the English are "stealing" Scottish water-power for their own greedy purposes, and generally sacrificing the interests of the Glens to those of the Sassenachs, who in all other contexts are found to be so inferior in business to the hard-headed Scots. I accept as obvious the contention that "devolution" is good, for I believe in as much administrative decentralisation as possible. If the Scots want a Parliament of their own, they should have it. I am even prepared to accept, without having read it, the contention of an ingenious Scottish professor who has proved that Scotland is really richer than England because she exports more than she imports. I am sure that hydro-electric schemes should be so organised as to benefit Scotland; that she should have a canning industry and better communications. I deny none of these; I merely record the odd situation in a village of Wester Ross.

* * *

At first the facts sound sad enough. The population of this village has been reduced by a third in the last twenty years. Few young people stay there. The off-shore islands I looked at had houses on them, but no one lived in them. Nearby there is a village where you could take your choice amongst the crumbling crofts: it is as deserted as Goldsmith's. One poorly attended school can now do the work of an area that used to need three. Conditions are primitive enough; cooking is done over peat and lighting usually by paraffin lamps, though the Grid is only fifty miles away. At first, as I say, a sad story. But when I talked to crofters or visitors, I discovered that, though they repeated these lugubrious facts with solemn faces, they were in fact themselves very comfortable and happy indeed. Economically as well as scenically, I should say that this Ross-shire village was not far short of paradise for the escapist. Such crofters as remain are privileged people, secure in tenure, paying minute rents and rates of 4s. a year. They are subsidised in many ways; they give you an old-fashioned look when they explain that they get £10 subsidy per acre of potatoes grown, and that they eat the potatoes themselves. There is a wry twist at the corners of the mouth when they ask you whether it can be good economics to pay you for growing and eating your own food, which you would have to grow and eat whether you were paid or not. If they want to make a little extra, there is a pound to be made any day in the summer acting as a gillie for the visitors who fish the lochs. Pressed to know whether they really want re-population, they tell you that they don't think it possible and that, if it meant anything like a return to the old conditions, that would be the last thing they want. The old croft life based on subsistence fishing and subsistence agriculture, with a few cattle and sheep thrown in, was desperately hard and poverty-stricken. No one will go back to it. As it is, the crofters live a comparatively easy life and are probably less affected by rationing than anyone else in Britain. There seems no limit to butter, eggs and milk. Nor have the well-to-do anything to complain of. The big landlords keep the moors as free both of sheep and of people as possible; nothing must disturb the deer. The lesser people, to say nothing of the visitors, like the solitude and the fishing.

* * *

The two most serious complaints I met were those of a Scottish lady who complained bitterly that the grouse were leaving the moors because there was no one to shoot them, and that Butlin had been seen in the district. She was terified that somewhere in that vast and generous play- ground, happy campers or organised holiday centres might be set up, to the detriment, she said, of the game whose preservation would bring "educated people" to the district. The other complaint was more significant. The prosperous sheep farmer told me that one of the great neigh- bouring landlords would have no sheep on his deer

forests before the war. When the war came, and patriotism became compulsory, he approached my farming friend to stock some of his land with sheep. When, unhappily, 250 of them died and the farmer replaced them he was angry. Why could he not let the stock go down? At the end of the war, his land went back solely to deer-stalking.

* * *

What then could really be done in such a happily decaying survival from feudal days? The first question clearly is to consider the assets of the county. There is first an enormous area of poor pasture land which once contained cattle and which has apparently declined during a century of sheep-grazing. Farmers tell me that the pasture would be improved by better draining and that in some parts of the county scientific farmers are bringing back cattle and finding that the old combination of sheep and cattle was the right one. Secondly, the fishing industry is neglected because, apart from the little port of Ullapool, linked by one pot-holed road, there is nowhere where boats can regularly land the fish and no way of marketing it. Perhaps a few breakwaters would help; then fishermen could land their fish. That of course would mean that the road would really have to be doubled in size and properly repaired. Why was this not done? "The trouble," said one of the best-informed residents, "is with the local Council, rather than with the Government. If I were the Government, I would not pay a penny more subsidy to the Council until it really did its job and made a proper road. But the Council is in the hands of lairds and farmers who are very well content with things as they are, and who will not allow any agitation on the subject." The only improvement they seem to have made in the road is that at intervals of a few hundred yards they have levelled off bulges in which a car can stand while another has the road. And I should really very much like to know what ingenious contractor persuaded the Council to set up on each of these bulges an iron stanchion like a Belisha Beacon on which is displayed a placard, "Passing Place." The idea must have originated with Heath Robinson.

* * *

Do all you can to supply roads, breakwaters, and light industries; give the "lone shieling" more civilised amenities; you still will not stop the drift of the young from Ross and Cromarty. The population will go on ageing and diminishing. But that leaves out the greatest asset of the Highlands. Here is the unspoilt countryside whose loss we so often deplore in England. Given a cheap and swift train service, there is nothing to prevent the Highlands, north of the Great Glen, becoming an ideal National Park. It is big enough and wild enough. Nothing is lacking. Nothing would be spoiled by a chain of the Swedish-type log cabin tourist camps. You could even drop half a dozen Butlin holiday camps into the Highlands, and visitors like me, who don't like that kind of holiday, would rarely bump into them. To-day, even in September, a popular holiday month, you can walk twenty miles over the moors and hills without meeting a single fellow-walker, shepherd or crofter. You will find wild life in profusion, not elsewhere discoverable in these islands. You have exciting rocks to hand if you are the sort that likes climbing with ropes, and fine peaks to reach if you prefer to scramble over heather and scree. You can fish in salt or fresh water and wander all day in a boat amongst islands that, in sunshine, are as lovely as those that inspired Sappho. You will disturb the declining stock of grouse and ptarmigan and you will seriously annoy a few rich gentlemen whose sport of deer-stalking demands the exclusive use of thousands of acres, much of which could be more economically employed. The hikers, the holidaymakers and the naturalists will not bring vast sums of money to the Highlands, but they will make use of them. Instead of being a paradise for escapists, the Highlands will become not a place of escape, but of recuperation.

CRITIC.

NON-MICROGENIC

"I would not be allowed to broadcast my impressions of Rumania to the British people under the ridiculous excuse that my voice is not suitable for the radio."—Dean of Canterbury, Bucharest, September 15th.

The freedom of radio knows no restriction;
When angels and Ministers come to the mike,
The B.B.C. ban applies only to diction,
And Beauties and Brains Trusts can say what they like.

And whether the voices be stronger or weaker
They can all be attuned to the requisite pitch,
So the ban in the case of a reverend speaker
Is simply a B.B.C. technical hitch.

They air on all wavelengths both sides of a question,
The subject is left to the broadcaster's choice,
No censor intrudes (an improper suggestion)
But this Dean is not blessed with a microphone voice.

His musical tones may resound in the chancel,
His vowels reverberate under the dome,
But his talk on the air they would certainly cancel—
The Dean would be garbled if heard on the Home.

From all sedition, private conspiracy and rebellion, B.B.C. deliver us!

You can hear tiny tots lisping infant adventures,
You can tune in to sobs and half-animal squeals
And sibilants hissed between troublesome dentures,
You can hear the impressions of visiting seals.

You can tune in to trumpets of State Revolution,
You can hear gasps and giggles from "In Town To-night"
But because of defects in the Dean's elocution,
His message could not be relayed in the Light.

It is something to do with the broadcasting climate,
(For scripts of the clergy no editors screen,
Nor would B.B.C. Governors bother the Primate
To answer the question "How Red is my Dean?")
But the sound-engineers fear complete incoherence,
With the clerical timbre distorted and blurred—
They are doubtless expecting outside interference,
So the Dean could not even be risked on the Third.

From all false doctrine, heresy and schism, B.B.C. deliver us!

SAGITTARIUS

THE DISINFLATED FAMILY

THE picture presented last week by Sir Stafford Cripps of Britain's recovery—increased production and exports, austerely limited imports, the "battle of the gap" more than half won—was so encouraging that it seems churlish to invite attention to the obverse of the medal. It would, however, be idle to pretend that the Cripps Plan has worked painlessly. It could not do so. A policy aimed at "disinflating" the purchasing power of domestic consumers in order that more goods might be available for foreign markets, and fewer goods of unessential types bought from abroad, was bound to have, in some degree, a painful reaction on standards of living. Current grumbles at shortage of cigarettes, lack of choice in "points" goods and (still more) this year's big rise in the cost of clothing and footwear are natural but illogical: these disagreeable phenomena are an essential part of the price which the country, through Parliament, decided to pay for the avoidance of national insolvency. From the standpoint of social justice and (with 1950 not far ahead) of the Government's electoral prospects, the relevant question is whether the Cripps Plan may not be involving too serious a departure from the principle of "fair shares" which, in working-class homes, had perhaps the strongest appeal of all the planks in Labour's 1945 programme.

The impression which one derives from an investigation of current spending and retail turnover is mixed. On the one hand, there is evidence of an obstinate, and fairly widespread, refusal to economise greatly in the consumption of Cripps-price cigarettes or beer. On the other, the recent high rate of encashment of Small Savings, the marked increase in hire-purchase transactions, the failure of coupon concessions to stimulate sales, the testimony of shopkeepers in working-class districts that more and more households are not buying up to the limit of their "points" and beginning even to "pass up" their egg-ration—all indicate growing difficulty in making ends meet. Is not the explanation to be sought in the probability that the "excess purchasing power," of which we heard so much in 1946–47, was distributed, among the mass of consumers, very unevenly? That the only members of the working and lower-middle class who were really in a position to go chasing scarce goods were bachelors and unmarried girls in steady employment and living with their parents, or childless couples both earning good wages? That households with children, even before the impact of Crippsian disinflation, were much nearer the knuckle than was often supposed?

It is difficult for an individual investigator to hit upon a household whose expenditure is "typical," and in which accurate accounts of outgoings are kept (usually it is a case of "Somehow, last week, that ten shillings just melted"). But the following summary of the family budget of a railway worker earning £6 16s. a week, and resident in a fair-sized town in Kent, with a wife and three children (one of school age) is, in the writer's view, reasonably representative. Total income, including 10s. Family Allowance, is £7 6s. a week; and the accounts are those of average weekly expenditure in the period January-February, 1948—*i.e.* before the effects of the last two Crisis Budgets were reflected in prices. For comparative purposes the figures are set against those compiled by the Labour Research Department to show the minimum expenditure needed, in January, 1948, to maintain, with health and decency, a couple with two children, in London.

	Railway Worker, Kent.	L.R.D., London.
	s. d.	s. d.
Rent, heat and light	36 4	24 1
Food	50 0	54 0
Minor clothing and footwear replacements	15 0	16 6
Cleaning and minor house replacements	5 0	5 0
Insurance, T.U. subs., etc. ..	8 8	5 0
Bus fares, etc.	2 3	7 0
Sundries*	12 7	13 0
Margin †	16 2	4 0
	146 0	128 7

* Includes newspapers and books, stationery and stamps, toilet and medical requisites, tobacco, beer, sweets and cinema.

† To cover major clothing and house replacements, also provision for annual holiday and Xmas presents.

On these figures legitimate comments are (*a*) that the L.R.D. estimate of rent represents the experience of the lucky rather than the typical family; (*b*) that, in the case of both budgets, Sundries and Margin call for a quite remarkable degree of self-denial. The railway worker and his wife are, in fact, model parents: neither drinks nor smokes; no meals are "eaten out"; all washing and most baking is done at home; and visits to the local cinema are few and far between. Even the mildest indulgence in beer or cigarettes would swallow up that precious margin for Xmas and annual holidays—to say nothing of the occasional imperative need for a new overcoat, mattress, carpet or other major replacement.

It is on such budgets that the termination of the clothing and footwear subsidies last winter, combined with cigarettes at twopence apiece, an officially admitted rise of nearly 10 per cent. in food prices and the new National Insurance contributions, has had a devastating impact. Moreover, every working-class housewife protests that the rise in the Ministry of Labour index of living costs takes no account of the fact that there has been, not merely this year but ever since the end of Lend-Lease, a progressive swing-over in grocery shops from less to more expensive goods available.

There is supporting evidence for this contention. Whereas the M. of L. index showed no

upward movement between 1944 and April, 1947, the Oxford Institute of Statistics reached the conclusion that, in that period, the cost of providing a two-children household with a "minimum needs" diet in calories *out of the goods currently in supply* rose by 15 per cent. Any grocer will tell you that this process is still at work. Moreover, apart from this factor, there is substantial ground for believing that the official statistics seriously understate the extent to which war-time "excess purchasing power" has been absorbed by higher prices of articles given little "weight" in the index. Pricing representative lists of normal working-class needs at a Co-op., the writer ascertained that between 1944 and May, 1948, many foodstuffs had risen by 75–100 per cent.; clothing and footwear (an average of ten articles) by 47 per cent.; and furniture by over 20 per cent. The conclusion is irresistible that households with children, whose mother is thereby precluded from paid employment, are not merely much worse off than they were four years ago, but are in danger of sinking below decent subsistence level. If revolt against the White Paper policy of pegged wages becomes irresistible, it is from these families that rebellion—legitimately—will come.

What is to be done about it? It is no good telling the working-class *mère de famille* that a reversal of the disinflation policy—restoration of subsidies on textiles and leather, reduction of Purchase Tax, less penal imposts on "fags"—would undermine all the achievements (on which we are rightly congratulating ourselves) of the Cripps Plan. It is even less use telling her that dividend-distribution is stabilised. She can see with her own eyes that those whose pockets are well lined—and this applies not only to company directors but to a privileged section, unencumbered with dependents, of her own class—can do themselves much more handsomely in the shops to-day than when flying bombs were landing in the Home Counties and "fair shares" really meant something. She is convinced that purses, rather than "points" or coupons, are now the decisive factor in rationing; and she is bitter about it.

Sir Stafford Cripps will err if he ignores or underrates the electoral importance of her bitterness. If, as seems likely, he will feel bound to ask the country, next April, to endure another "austere" Budget, there is one concession which he should surely make as a Socialist Chancellor: the balance, now tilted so heavily against the household with children, ought to be redressed by doubling at least the present scale of (5s. a week) Family Allowances and by making the first child, whose advent is enough to stop the mother working, eligible for this benefit. It should not be said of a Labour Government that it created two nations, the lucky childless and the harassed family.

HELEN GOSSE

ITALY BETWEEN THE SEASONS

THE leaves are falling in the Pincio Gardens and the summer that followed the anxious elections has ended for the wealthier Italians with a comfortable sigh. Only a few months ago they voted, then took to their country villas for fear that their vote mightn't be popular. Now, in the autumn, they are returning from their holidays with the tranquil knowledge that the Government is stable, Scelba, the Minister of the Interior, is efficient, and America, the patron, generous.

The Right wing is feeling well again, after its indisposition of 1946 and 1947. Gone are the days when its links with the Fascist Era made it slightly disreputable and gave it an apologetic stoop. Benefiting by the quarrel of East and West, the Christian Democrats have become the Party of Order with the support of anti-Communists at home and abroad. If Mussolini's definition of Fascism is right (and who could better define it?) that "Fascism is against the quiet life," the opponents of de Gasperi are entirely wrong in describing his Government as Fascist; and the anti-Clericals have no justification for their gibe at the black-cassocked priests that "Black shirts are being worn longer this year." The de Gasperi Government would like everybody to be happy in a hierarchical system both as it affects their spiritual life and their daily affairs. Its principle is benevolent authority—of the parent in the home, the employer in the factory, the Government in the State and the Pope in men's minds.

At no time in the last fifty years has the Papacy from which these ideas stem been so highly regarded in the Catholic world as today. "The Papacy is dead," said Mazzini. The present Pope quoted those words to the hundred thousand girls of Catholic Action whom he addressed recently in St. Peter's Square. By the example of his own life, the Pope has become the object of veneration for great numbers of Italians who, in the dejection of defeat, have sought a more worthy substitute for the worship which Mussolini and his dictatorship exacted. With an enlightened knowledge of politics, the Pope has recognised that the best safeguard against Communism is progressive reform; de Gasperi, formerly the Vatican librarian, would be inclined to pursue this policy, were it not for the great industrialists and landowners who believe in the class-struggle as implicitly as any Communist.

Even while the Catholic Action youths in their green berets were swarming through the streets of Rome, bearing banners with the names of their provinces, singing the songs of the first World War, shouting for Trieste and lighting St. Peter's on Holy Night with flambeaux, a project of the Council of Ministers lay ready for signature, which will unfreeze blocked rents as from October 1st and raise them by at least 30 per cent. Ostensibly, its purpose is to encourage the building of houses to let. In fact, it will benefit the property-owners to the detriment of the working and middle classes (including those in Catholic Action) already suffering from the high cost of living.

It is the sad destiny of a Labour Party when it enters a coalition with Right-wing parties, to suffer the odium of measures which burden the poor, without being able to prevent them. The other day, Saragat, as Vice-President of the Council, received a deputation led by Di Vittorio and Bitossi, the Secretaries of the Confederation of Italian Trade Unions (C.G.I.L.), and including representatives of the Tenants' Association, who protested bitterly against the intention to raise rents. The Saragat Socialists are unhappy about this infliction on the rent-paying classes, but Saragat himself, a member of the Government, is obliged to defend it. The dilemma of the democratic Socialists in the Government is to decide whether they are a facade for the unsocialistic legislation of the Christian Democratic majority, or whether they are a counter to the Coalition's extreme Right-wing.

At present, the Saragat and Lombardo groups, although they won substantial support from anti-fusionist Socialists during the election, have only a weak hold on the Italian workers. Within the C.G.I.L., they probably have more support than the Anarcho-syndicalists but no more than the Republicans. Dominant in the C.G.I.L. are the Communists, with the Left-wing Socialist group. (P.S.I.) second and the Christian Democrats third. For the last two months, the Christian Democrats have campaigned for the creation of a "non-political" trade-union federation, and have now succeeded in establishing what will, in effect, be a Catholic Federation of Trade Unions, similar to that of pre-Fascist times. The Saragat Socialists have resisted the invitation to leave the C.G.I.L. Already attacked for allegedly receiving funds from industrialists for their papers *L'Umanità* and *Italia Socialista*, they would forfeit any hope of attracting the working-classes if they were to join what vast numbers of workers regard as a Government breakaway union.

Meanwhile, the P.S.I., after its electoral failure, is trying to reconstitute the once-great Socialist party of Italy. Nenni, blamed for his tactical blunder, lost his position in the party at the Genoa Conference, and has withdrawn from practical politics to edit *Oggi e Domani*. The party, torn between men like Romita who wanted complete detachment from the Communists and men like Lizzadri who wanted to maintain the alliance, decided on the compromise of electoral independence from the Communists and working association with them. Recently, the Executive of the P.S.I. sent a letter to the *Unione dei Socialisti* (the Silone-Lombardo group), inviting them to form a new and autonomous Socialist Federation. They urged in it that the Saragat Socialists and their affiliates should withdraw from the Government. The reply of the U.D.S. was neither "Yes" nor "No." The P.S.I. is led by new men, and Saragat wants to see which way the party will turn before forsaking a Government which, if it fulfilled its June programme, could still bring credit to its adherents.

But will it? Italy has over two million unemployed and at least the same number underemployed. For this, the deflationary policy of Einaudi, now President, has some responsibility. Marshall Aid will provide half of Italy's imports in 1948, and with this dole the Corso will be gay with luxuries unattainable in England and the *braccianti* will eat American spaghetti. But with massive unemployment, a population growing at the rate of 400,000 a year and an agrarian system in the South as unjust as it is primitive, Italy requires great social and economic change, not merely charity.

For the time being, Scelba is dealing with working-class malcontents by traditional methods. Earlier in the month, thirty-six men were arrested in Mantua on the charge that they damaged crops during the General Strike of July that followed the attempt on Togliatt. To make things worse, a Communist, Bruno Mostari, the *Sindaco* of Mottegiana, was murdered when returning that evening from a meeting. The Mantua trade unions ordered a 24 hours protest strike. But it was a failure; the thirty-six are still in custody. From Sicily to Milan, arrests have been quietly going on and the Italian prisons are filling up with the trouble-makers—the builders of roadblocks, the factory-squatters and simple strikers.

The police today—the *Celere* and the *Carabinieri*—are Italy's most efficient institution. Purged of its Communists, the new force, largely equipped by America and recruited in the South, regards the fight with the extreme Left as its personal vendetta. Before the days of Scelba, when a policeman was murdered, it was the police chief who had to resign. Now, the policeman knows that, if he shoots, it is Scelba who presses the trigger. Scelba's only failures since he took office have been in his morality drive at the bathing places where he prohibited "more exposure of the body than is absolutely necessary for the cure of sun and air," and in his campaign against Giuliano. Apart from a few matrons fingering their corsages in case the Minister was playing peek-a-boo over their shoulders, no one paid any attention to Scelba on the shore. Nor was Giuliano, the bandit who rules part of Sicily, affected by the Minister's threats; returning good for evil, he offered to help him in his anti-Communist activities.

The question remains: what will the winter bring Italy? The answer depends on whether the non-Communist Left survives as a strong and coherent force, capable, whether inside or outside the Government, of influencing it towards reform. The P.S.I. is a Marxist Party believing in the class struggle. But it does not believe that the struggle must inevitably take a violent form, as the Communists believe. The Saragat Socialists have a diverse political philosophy, but, on the whole, their inspiration is the non-Marxist British Labour Party. There is room for a concord between the fragmented elements of Italian Socialism so that non-Communist Socialism in Italy may revive as a power in Government. If on a question of great principle the Saragat Socialists and their friends were to retire from the Coalition, there is little doubt that in alliance with other non-Communist Socialists they would have to be included in a reconstituted Government where

their views would carry greater weight than today. Without a strong Socialist Party, it is probable that, as in the case of Greece, Italy will be crudely divided into the extreme Right and Left, and forced into the violent conflict for which ideological differences are only the preparation. The Government—a Government of constitutional conservatism—has the opportunity of delaying that division by introducing the reforms which the owners of the Southern *latifundi* and the Northern industrial combines are so reluctant to accept. It is a paradox that the forces which can most easily neutralise Communism in Italy are those which by doing nothing can give it most power.

MAURICE EDELMAN

THE CRYSTALLINE SOCIETY

I AM not habituated to flight. Perhaps that is why my descent from the clouds in an armchair made my mind active. Tilting softly to left and to right as we circled Northolt, I saw the neat rows of villas, Harrow a green and crooked island of time past, then the geometric pattern of a prefabricated settlement. The little white cubes looked like crystals under a magnifying glass rather than homes seen from afar off.

Afterwards, in the bus, I had a feverish conviction that if I could wrench my mind by some more than muscular effort, I should capture whatever lay beyond these appearances. It was there, just beyond some bend of vision. If I captured it I should see the design, understand what was happening to us.

It is a familiar habit of our species for the ageing to rail at the decay of mankind as they look back to a time golden with young virtue. Fated to experience the loss of youth only once, how much detachment is possible to anyone? Can creatures who are a part of the process see what is happening to them, what in their situation is really new?

Better not to nuzzle the glass frantically, but to float relaxed waiting for impressions to come. The first is ugliness—desolating, man-made ugliness. This quality, in its whole range from china rabbits to blackened cities, is something different in kind from anything experienced in the half million years since we began to make things. The individual maker remains too nearly in harmony with the universe from which he has grown to be able to produce with his own hands such offences—things that affect one like an hysterical woman screaming in a room. It can only be done thoroughly at second hand, with he help of a machine.

The next new impression that rises into my mind is the death of ritual and with it the blocking of the outlet for the unconscious, the dark side of human understanding. There have been other periods when the intelligentsia were rationalistic, but surely none so devoid of symbolism, none in which the sense of holiness that once could clothe everything had shrunk to such insignificance. No other society for which everything was just what it was known to be, the sun a hot mess of matter, the moon a cold one. From the grossest beginnings in primitive religion, there has always been some sense of the transcendental whole to which man could re-unite himself through ritual, and to which he could signal by the use of symbols. There is very little of it left at the moment. Our artists struggle, but it is hard for them; they are priests in an atheistical state. Recently I lectured on early British history to a group of American post-graduate students. They were incredulous of the existence of a people who would live in skin tents and yet raise Stonehenge as a sacred building. "It's not likely they'd take all that trouble. What would be the use when they were so poor?" they said. This I take to be new.

My third impression is the passion for equality, or, more truly, the denial of superiority. In its present form the proletarian ideal appears as something almost new in kind. It has followed the simultaneous weakening of the belief in a divinity incarnate in Pharoah, Emperor or King, and the destruction of the secular warrior aristocracy, with its heroic ideal and powerful command of personal loyalties, that has had so long a history in Europe. For two thousand years Christianity made possible the maintenance of a society like a tree, the roots and trunk one with the flowers that they lifted towards the sun. For two hundred years this society has been withering, changing from an organic to a crystalline structure. Deprived of the self-confidence that comes from the acceptance of degree, loyalties, and a scale of values ascending to divinity, human superiority and privilege have become intolerable. All must be equal and distinct particles.

Such particles must be moved and ordered by forces akin to those that shape crystals. They can be built into larger and larger crystals, but they cannot grow or flower. Ultimately no single particle has any creative relationship with any other, all are equally subject to "them"—the crystallising forces. That is the theory—but in practice the psyche rebels and Hitler or another is made a god.

The strain of this new crystalline society on the individual psyche is enormous. In addition to the loss of support that goes with the destruction of organism and divinity, modern life makes many minor assaults on the solitary consciousness. Our sensitive bodies are hammered by merciless noise, jostled and herded together, held remote from all contact with the earth. Above all there is the loss of responsibility. Not long ago, when human gear was simple, everyone had some idea how to do almost everything, could do it at a pinch. Now how often are we dependent on someone else whose business we cannot understand, who mends our electric plant, drives our underground train or flies us through the air? Beyond all these someones stand *they*, masters of the must and mustn't, enemies of the individual's responsibility. As society at large is no longer a tree, so the average individual can no longer feel his life and work growing between his hands like a plant.

In England our hazy, but still poetic, insight has kept some sticks of the old growth. There is the King, although idiotic officials and press try to convince his subjects, not of his divinity but of his ordinariness. This may be an agreeable lesson, but once it is learnt there must be questions about the royal keep and pocket money that will destroy his utility as a symbol. Some English men and women are still capable of enjoying superiority in others, a fact that disgusts those who would like to see the successful business man set up as the national ideal. Then, too, in our machinery of state, a tug-of-war goes on. Any well-ordered hierarchy is an organism with a living relation between the parts. The young man is inclined to work hard as a lieutenant to his chief, the young woman would like to do anything for the young man. But this must not be allowed in the crystalline age. The young man is made to realise that he is not a lieutenant, but one unit within a grade, while the young woman learns that she is hardly more than a grain of dust. The crystal splits and creation ceases.

All these are symptoms; the single cause is the adoption of scientific analytical thought. Human self-consciousness from its effort to rejoin the whole has now, with desperate gallantry, passed over to an attempt to break it up. Analyse, divide all being into smaller and smaller particles until you understand. Put your eye so close to the painting that you can count the hairs of the master's brush; reckon how many a's and b's there are in a lyric, make a chemical analysis of Apollo himself. Split the atom, naturally.

I do not believe that man can survive in a crystalline society. It contains no love, and love is creation. But how to suggest remedies? Can philosophy and the arts take hold of science and create new divinities? Can an aristocracy of merit be made acceptable to the heart, and institutions become once again organic? To me it doesn't sound impossible. It might be easier than splitting atoms.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

"RING FOR OUR BOOTS"

How often do we quote Doctor Watson, but how sadly few are the details about him that we can call to mind. We remember his indignant outbursts and his cry of "Good Heavens, Holmes! This is intolerable," on hearing that their rooms at 221B Baker Street have been set on fire by Professor Moriarty. We remember his tendency ("My head is in a whirl") to be somewhat easily baffled. We remember, of course, his firm grasp of the obvious:

> Sherlock Holmes had not come back yet. It was nearly ten o-clock before he entered, looking pale and worn. He walked up to the sideboard, and, tearing a piece from the loaf, he devoured it voraciously. . . .
>
> "You are hungry," I remarked.

But this cannot be all, and two questions immediately present themselves: Whatever became of Mrs. Watson (prominent in *The Sign of Four*), and what, if anything, was Doctor Watson's practice?

Indefatigable as he was in reporting at length over fifty of the cases, Doctor Watson inexcusably excites us by the mention of twenty-two of which we have nothing but the bare names. A little more assiduity and a little less harping on his leg (wounded in the Afghan Campaign and apt to throb in wet weather), and we should have at command such matters as Mrs. Farintosh and the Opal Tiara, Ricoletti of the Club Foot and his Abominable Wife, The Singular Affair of the Aluminium Crutch, and The Tragedy of the Atkinson Brothers at Trincomalee. He tantalises us further with The Vatican Cameos, The Sudden Death of Cardinal Tosca, The Card Scandal at the Nonpareil Club, and The Affair of the Bogus Laundry (the mangles, one supposes, were disguised counterfeiting apparatus). Watson could hardly claim, as you shall see, that marital or professional obligations encroached seriously upon his time. Nor will the plea that some of the cases were "complete failures" appeal to the amateurs among us. We know the correct methods, then let us apply them to the affair of "Isadore Persano, the well-known journalist and duellist, who was found stark staring mad with a match-box in front of him which contained a remarkable worm, said to be unknown to science."

But to Watson's marriage. Despite "an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents" it is to Lower Camberwell that Doctor Watson comes for his bride and to the house of a Mrs. Cecil Forrester. Within is a "needy governess" with blue eyes, Miss Mary Morstan, attired, for our first view, in "sombre, greyish beige . . . and a small turban of the same dull hue." The Doctor, badly smitten, has "never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature." The respectability of Lower Camberwell plays its part in the furthering of the romance:

> As we drove away, I stole a glance back, and I still seem to see that little group on the step—the two graceful, clinging figures, the half-opened door, the hall-light shining through stained glass, the barometer and the bright stair-rods. It was soothing to catch even that passing glimpse of a tranquil English home.

Miss Morstan is similarly enraptured with the Doctor, with his moustache and his square jaw and the Afghan tales which enliven his conversation. Her joy, poor girl, is brief. Her share of the Agra Treasure is dropped, bauble by bauble, into the Thames by Jonathan Small, and after a few months of married life in Paddington ("complete happiness" though it was) the Doctor, hot for Holmes, leaves her repeatedly. Occasionally, before departure, he "dashes upstairs" to inform her, but once in Baker Street she is totally forgotten. Small wonder that latterly she is often "away upon a visit" or "on a visit to her aunt's." We can but admire her demeanour: loving and dutiful to the end, she fades gradually from the picture, playing graciously into her selfish husband's hands ("Oh, Anstruther

would do your work for you. You have been looking a little pale lately. I think the change would do you good. . . .''). And so into oblivion, in what manner we do not know, curtly dismissed in a passing reference to "my recent sad bereavement."

But, once in Baker Street, what chance would even an experienced charmer have had against the fascinator in the "mouse-coloured dressing-gown"? The world is well lost indeed when Holmes springs to his feet crying "Ring for our boots and tell them to order a cab." And off the hansom jingles to Stepney or Covent Garden or Bloomsbury or Holborn, or even to Saxe-Coburg Square. There are trips to Croydon, the Cornish Peninsula, Brixton Workhouse, and "the pretty Surrey village of Esher." There are thrilling peeps into private houses: The Myrtles, Beckenham, Laburnum Villa, Hammersmith, or Briarbrae, Woking. Every call was obediently answered: "Come at once if convenient," telegraphs Holmes, "if inconvenient come all the same," and off scuttles the Doctor, complete with jemmy and dark lantern and chisel, to Goldini's Restaurant, Gloucester Road. London, the outer suburbs and the Southern Counties are the most productive; there appears to have been little serious crime (*The Stockbroker's Clerk*) farther north than Birmingham. Back in Baker Street, with the Borgia jewel deftly prized from the last of the six Napoleon busts, there can be no thought of rest: "Put the pearl in the safe, Watson," orders Holmes, "and get out the papers of the Conk-Singleton forgery case."

A less-devoted slave might well have found some of Holmes' habits a little wearing to the nerves. The constant "ping" of the hypodermic and the frequent snatches upon the violin (a Stradivarius, picked up in the Tottenham Court Road for fifty-five shillings) would perhaps have been bearable if they had been the only idiosyncrasies. They were not. There were the "weird and often malodorous scientific experiments" and, more alarmingly, the "occasional revolver practice within doors." There were the "devouring of sandwiches at irregular hours" and the tendency to awaken Watson before dawn on frosty winter mornings (insupportable, even if it meant a trip to Chislehurst). There were the biting of the nails, the times when he "ran out and ran in," the refusal to make small-talk with the chatty Doctor, the clouds of the strongest shag tobacco. There was, horror of horrors, a recital at the St. James' Hall with Holmes "gently waving his long thin fingers in time to the music."

To offset these failings, Watson had, it must be allowed, much to intrigue him in Holmes' conversation. One's own reminiscences, even when about Afghanistan, are apt to pall and Holmes could hold forth on matters other than crime, passing lightly from severed thumbs to Warships of the Future, from clubbed skulls to the Bertillon System of Measurements, from suffocated peeresses to Miracle Plays. Watson had to learn about The Polyphonic Motets of Lassus and both Mediaeval and Chinese Pottery (including "the marks of the Hung-wu and the beauties of the Yung-lo and the writings of Tang-ying"). To what extent the good Doctor's education had been previously neglected we cannot say. He can bring out a Latin quotation of fourteen words but of his school days we know nothing except that he had been "intimately associated with a lad named Percy (or "Tadpole") Phelps," nephew of Lord Holdhurst, and that it had been considered "piquant" to "chivy him about the playground and hit him over the shins with a wicket." We can, perhaps, safely assume that Holmes, with his instructive chatter, was not wasting his time. Phelps turns up again at the time of *The Naval Treaty* when "he was still weak after his long illness and his misfortunes made him querulous and nervous." Doctor Watson advances upon the invalid and endeavours ("in vain," alas) to distract him with tales of (can you guess?) Afghanistan.

One would, I think, hardly have cared to be one of Doctor Watson's patients. He was so seldom there. However, there was at first some pretence of being concerned with medicine, and he purchased "a connection in the Paddington district" from "Old Mr. Farquhar." The tottering practice (Old Mr. Farquhar suffered from "an affliction of the nature of St. Vitus' Dance") had three advantages: it was better than the practice next door (Holmes observed that the step was worn three inches lower), there was a convenient substitute at hand, and it was near a station where "railway cases were seldom trivial." For three months he worked hard but the wretched man's heart was never in it ("My practice is never very absorbing") and after that it was simply fits and starts, cases "of great gravity" and "pressing professional business" alternating with absences of days at a time. How listless the bed-side manner must have been. Sometimes even Holmes points out the path of duty: "You want to go home, no doubt, Doctor?" "Yes, it would be as well," but of course he is shortly back, armed, in Baker Street, and sipping from "the spirit case and gasogene" until all hours. A Kensington practice follows (from which he is secretly bought out by Holmes) and after that there is no more pretence, though he does sometimes take down a volume from his "small medical shelf" and is always ready, should Holmes require it, with a diagnosis. Nor does his hand lose its cunning: asked by Holmes why Professor Presbury should move so mysteriously and on all fours down dark passages, Watson is not for a moment at a loss: "Lumbago" he replies. It is not one of Holmes' tetchy days: "We can hardly accept lumbago" is the only admonishment.

So it is back to Baker Street, in glorious permanence, with the fog swirling outside and cold partridge and Montrachet for supper, and the test tubes and the hydrochloric acid and "the newly framed picture of General Gordon" to feast the eyes on, and the visits to the Turkish Bath where Holmes is "less reticent and more human than anywhere else" and cases can be discussed "over a smoke in the pleasant lassitude of the drying-room." And there are the occasional visits to Holmes' brother, Mycroft, and the sight of the "beshawled and bediamonded" ladies outside the Lyceum. And there is the agreeable flutter of Holmes being offered a knighthood in 1902, and the solid comfort of knowing that one is John H. Watson, M.D. (why did his wife call him James?), late Indian Army, who played Rugger for Blackheath and was once thrown into the crowd at the Old Deer Park by "Big Bob Ferguson." There are, to be sure, occasional clouds. When in teasing mood, Holmes can reply to an over-simple deduction by the Doctor with "Excellent, Watson! You scintillate to-day." But the mood was not always so. Even though he is feigning delirium (in *The Dying Detective*) Holmes comes out with some unpleasant truths: "Facts are facts, Watson, and after all you are only a general practitioner with very limited experience and mediocre qualifications." It does not need the Doctor to tell us that he is "bitterly hurt."

But he has his reward at last. He finds that he is more than the useful errand-boy, the bottle-washer, the willing horse. He is wounded in a shooting affray and Holmes, thinking the wound more serious than it is, allows something to pierce the bleak façade:

> My friend's wiry arms were round me and he was leading me to a chair.
>
> "You're not hurt, Watson? For God's sake, say that you are not hurt."
>
> It was worth a wound—it was worth many wounds—to know the depth of loyalty and love which lay behind that cold mask. The clear, hard eyes were dimmed for a moment, and the firm lips were shaking. For the one and only time I caught a glimpse of a great heart as well as of a great brain. All my years of humble but single-minded service culminated in that moment of revelation.

Exactly. And what chance had poor Miss Mary Morstan against a moment such as that?

ARTHUR MARSHALL

TWO POEMS

LANDSCAPE . . .

. . . Eastward, perfunctory breezes never seem to stir
The laissez-faire-ish sky-stain over Manchester;
While west beyond that stain the boxed horizon's mills
Yield to the fluctuant graph-line of Derbyshire's blue hills.
Then Irlam's batteried chimneys, that brag and belch of steel,
Lie hard upon mid-scenery, yet cannot quite conceal
Those hinder, chaster plain-lands, like green-embroidered silk,
Hinting of cheese, farm-houses, and buttercups and milk;
While on the turgid nearer-distant levels laid
The barged canal that Brindley and his Duke had made
Threads still through margent *rus-in-urbe* borders
Ribbon more durable than all His Grace's Orders . . .

. . . There house-greyed acres smoke for mid-day-dinnered peoples,
Round churches that project sporadic cock-tipped steeples,
While rival, plume-tipped chimneys, Lancastrian minarets,
Watch Barton's power-house smoke eternal cigarettes
And send in isometric march its files of pylon-spires
To pulse their drooped lianas and complement the shires.
But near is green renewal, and still-enduring glades
Whose grass to questing cattle thrusts perseverant blades;
And by those heavy plough-lands, lovers' lighter feet
Pass fields of almost orient and yearly mortal wheat . . .

"WITHDRAW ALL MEN"

Untallied lamp-room racks confirm the tallied dead,
A shift's concurrency of life and light now spent;
The bank cries out with work-day silence for their tread;
The head-gear stands, a pre-erected monument.

L. A. REDFORD.

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

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Forty-eight of Sheffield's prettiest girls will sing and dance a "crisis chorus." They will represent vital economic statistics.—*Daily Mirror.* (L. T. Fleming.)

CORNED BEEF FROID
(*Railway Hotel Menu.*).
(C. M. Leslie.)

Crack shot of East Suffolk police, Special Constable Rev. ——, vicar of ——, preached with a rifle slung over the pulpit.—*Evening Standard.* (V. L. Ross.)

—— has vacancies for two well-educated-artistic young men for comprehensive and thorough training (three to four years) as Ladies' Hair dressers view to future post as hair artists in the —— salons; premium, 2,000 gns.—Advt. in *The Times.* (R. A. Bell.)

The engagement rate among women undergraduates is undoubtedly much higher than it was a generation ago, and there is now a perceptible marriage rate.—*Sunday Times.* (R. R. Goldstone.)

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

A MORE difficult assignment for any script-writer at this moment of history especially, than that of having to write a programme on the work of the United Nations for transmission at the peak listening hour of the week, the period after the nine o'clock News on Sunday evening, cannot easily be imagined. The only analogy with such a programme is poster art, and it is the measure of Mr. MacNeice's versatility and of the gusto which he brings to his medium that he is not only our most consistently successful radio poet but also our best radio poster artist, as his United Nations programme, *No Other Road*, showed. Crammed with information about U.N.'s activities, it was immediately persuasive. Take the handling of U.N. intervention in Palestine : the chatter of machine guns, a stentorian voice shouting "Stop that!" and then silence : nothing could have been more dramatically effective. But Mr. MacNeice is not only adept with new devices ; he knows when to use the old ones. Nothing, as a rule, is more boring in radio features than the use of the stooge-Common Man ; generally it represents a cheap way out of a technical difficulty. But Mr. MacNeice built *No Other Road* round the figures of the Common Man and his wife ; rightly, because who have more to gain or lose than they from the success or failure of the United Nations ?

Several of the week's programmes deserve closer attention than can be given here. There were Mr. Heppenstall's *Return Journey*, an Existentialist Good-bye To All That, and Mr. Peter Watt's production of his own version of Strindberg's *Miss Julia*, a most successful piece of radio. I was interested, too, in Mr. Norman Swallow's *The Story of Edgar Dawson*. I thought this story of the hitherto irreproachable clerk who turned thief out of a grudge against society resulting from an unfortunate wartime marriage and his experiences in the Army, fell between two stools : insufficiently detailed to be quite convincing as a case-history, it wasn't treated with imagination enough for it to transcend the particular case described. Mr. Swallow seems at present to distrust his imagination and to be obsessed with a passion, akin to that of the Thirties, for documentary writing, in the belief that human behaviour is explicable wholly in terms of environment. But he is a serious writer whose work has an admirable solidity.

But for me the major event of the week was Mr. Owen Reed's production, in—of all places—*Saturday Night Theatre*, of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* in Mr. Ronald Gow's adaptation. Mr. Gow has succeeded in translating *Tess* to the stage without losing the tragic quality of the novel. I have never been more intensely moved by a broadcast play ; in the theatre I think I would have found it almost unbearable. Mr. Reed's production was absolutely sure, and the players, several of whom, I fancy, are better known in the West Region than in London, played their parts beautifully. Miss Aileen Mills's Tess was a triumph of tenderness, bewilderment and courage.

Was the B.B.C.'s handling of the recent meeting of the British Association perhaps a little unimaginative ? True, we heard Sir Henry Tizard, Lord Samuel, Mr. Ritchie Calder, and four skilful reports on the proceedings from Mr. A. W. Haslett. But, Lord Samuel excepted, we heard them in snippets. I would have welcomed a more comprehensive programme ; it need have taken scarcely more time than was consumed by the fifteen and twenty-minute sessions vouchsafed us. For once, it seems to me, the B.B.C. failed to rise to an occasion.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Sleep, My Love," at the London Pavilion
"The Blind Goddess," at the Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion

Ever since the newspapers, through their accounts of the goings-on of psycho-analysts, made the public aware of the existence of drugs like pentothal, for lessening resistance to suggestion, I have been confidently waiting for a film from Hollywood telling you exactly how to get rid of your wife by hypnotism. Without falling foul of the coroner. Here it is, *Sleep, My Love*.

Apparently the process is simple, and better still, the result is bound to look like suicide. A dose in her evening hot-chocolate and a subsequent suggestion to her, while asleep, to climb on to a high balcony and teeter on the edge. Then either she jumps, according to plan ; or she doesn't, in which case she won't remember anything about it, and you can try a bigger dose with better luck next time. A refinement, also worked out for you in detail by the makers of this helpful if somewhat anti-social film, is to get her to murder somebody you don't like before doing away with herself.

Claudette Colbert, as the unwanted wife, looks so delightful all the time in this picture, even when she has to pretend to get incapably tight, that it is hard to understand how Don Ameche, as the husband, can even act as if he preferred the exceptionally glum blonde whom he is supposed to want to marry instead. (To do justice to his good taste, he doesn't act it very hard.)

The honours of the playing are shared by Miss Colbert and the far less experienced Robert Cummings and when they are together it is on a high level of competence. She in particular seems to me to grow better and better in every film of hers I see : she started as just another pretty girl, and is now one of the most persuasive of actresses : he has the knack of saying frothy lines as though his whole heart were in them.

For the first third of its length this picture is good entertainment, with pace and suspense satisfactorily maintained. Then in the middle part it becomes over-plotty, which slows up the action, and the last third is hampered, in regaining the speed which the end of a thriller needs, by the difficulty in this particular case of making the villain unsuccessful, and providing the triumph of innocence. This is only achieved, incidentally, by a series of exactly timed coincidences, so unlikely to happen in real life that the thought of them need not deter you for a moment if you are considering murdering your wife. Obviously, this is the way.

I wish Hollywood would outgrow the belief that there is something inexhaustibly piquant in the sight of charming women acting drunk. I've now seen Claudette Colbert do it in three films, Katherine Hepburn in two, and a long list of other actresses, once each. Miss Colbert manages it as endearingly as it can be done, but I think a lot of people share my feeling that a male drunk is a bore and a female drunk is an embarrassing bore, on or off the screen.

Suspense is of course the backbone of the thriller and the melodrama, and suspense is just what has been filleted out of *The Blind Goddess*. The stage play was a neat melodrama of the Law courts ; in the film version the order of events is altered so that we as the audience know, before any dirty work is done, who is going to do the dirty, on whom and why. Before evidence begins to pile up against the unlucky young man in the witness box, we know how much of it is false, and the only question is, when will everyone else know too ? You can't turn a melodrama into a convincing slice of life merely by telling the story the other way round. The playing, mainly borne by Eric Portman, is of the exceedingly quiet kind which I enjoy most of all in drawing-room comedy. But again, you can't get across fear and anger and frustration in a crescendo of feeling by a decorous murmur of lines which are not in themselves momentous. Raymond Lovell brings some heat to his relatively small part, and his performance stands out miles above the rest of the cast.

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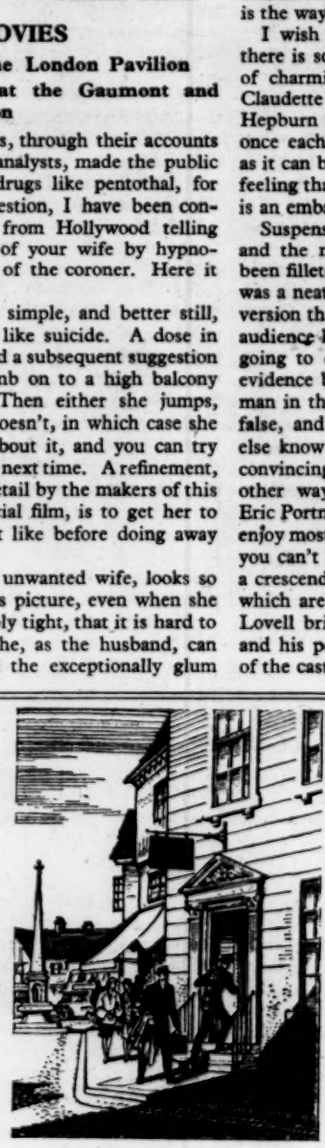

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BALLET

New Creations of the Ballets des Champs Élysées at the Prince's Theatre.

A year ago there appeared in the dance-review *Ballet* a few paragraphs entitled, Thoughts of a Choreographer, by David Lichine, which threw light on the Choreographic Essay, *La Création*, first performed this week by the Ballets des Champs Élysées. "A choreographer" he says "though possessing the same emotions as other creative artists, has no way of expressing himself but through movements which he must implant in the muscles of other dancers . . . He has to contain all movements within himself when the clay for his creation is not at hand. He needs a room which is packed with human muscles, but the door to it is often guarded." He here touches on a fundamental problem of the choreographer, but we have no space to follow him. Fortunately the door was opened on this occasion by that most adventurous and imaginative of ballet directors, Boris Kochno; and the result is a choreographic creation of extraordinary beauty. Without music, decor or costumes this ballet achieves a unique richness of expression, and was watched with an equally intense silence of attention, followed by applause which the lights of the interval failed to quench. Most ballets said to be without music are accompanied by a loud and most unmusical percussion. The action of this ballet really is evolved in complete silence, "the silence of his mind, in which the choreographer creates his world." It has no formal time-scheme, only the rhythm of the moving bodies as they proceed from one series of interrelated actions to another, with dynamic and agogic accents which cleave the silent stream of muscular action like those unseen disturbances which continually and inexplicably break the rhythm of flowing water. There is something really magical about the inner harmony of this silent ballet, the characters of which are abstractions of the poet's mind embodied in the dancers. They are called His Ideal, His Uncertainty, His Temptation, His Idea, and are danced respectively by Caron, Philippart, Darmance, and Riabouchinska. The Choreographer, the active creative element, is danced alternatively by Babilée and Lichine. There are a few other characters, not abstractions but dancers, and the Barres, i.e. the training barres of classical ballet, form an extremely effective frame for certain dance movements and for the marvellous acrobatics of the Choreographer. The success of the ballet depends so much on the intelligence and sensitivity of every dancer, including the four men who manipulate the barres, that it seems inappropriate to distribute laurels, but I must mention the outstanding beauty and vehement expression of Babilée's performance on the first night as the creative choreographer. A dramatic parallel for this ballet is, I think, Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. Lichine was not the first to conceive a ballet without music; it was and perhaps still is a principle of Rudolf von Laban; but a silent ballet of such profound and moving beauty as *La Création* has certainly not been seen before.

I was unfortunately abroad for the first production in England of the striking metaphysical ballet, *Le Portrait de Don Quichotte*, composed for the Ballets des Champs Élysées by Aurel Milloss, undoubtedly one of the greatest of living choreographers. Again the credit goes to Boris Kochno for introducing him to Paris and now to England. His fame has been greatly enhanced in these last few days by three new ballets at the Fenice in Venice, and perhaps we may at last hope to see him invited to produce at Covent Garden. Meanwhile I should like to echo the wish I have heard generally expressed that *Le Portrait de Don Quichotte* be given at least one more performance before the Ballets des Champs Élysées close their London season.

BERYL DE ZOETE

Correspondence

DISMANTLING—OR LOOT?

SIR,—In your issue of 28th August you published an article, under the above heading, which criticized steps which have been taken to reduce the German Clock and Watch Industry to 50 per cent of its 1938 level. It mentioned my name freely and quite incorrectly assumed that I had boasted about the part I had played in this matter, and that my powers of persuasion had influenced the French in any action they may be taking, whereas, the truth is, I have made no such claim. I have in fact been extremely embarrassed due to an error which permitted incomplete extracts of a confidential report to be published in a horological trade journal.

As Mr. Crossman indicated, a horological industry is of high stategic value for modern war purposes, as the Germans proved, particularly for the manufacture of all forms of precision instruments for war purposes, including aviation and A.F.V. instruments, mechanical fuses, mine, V.1. and V.2 detonators and the like. This is borne out by the French authorities, in whose Zone the German horological industry is mainly centred, and who have described the industry as "an immense arsenal for war production" and declared that, "Germany in pre-war years, realising its indispensability for war purposes, multiplied her efforts to give the industry an ever increasing power. She secretly helped her horological industry by allowing it to acquire machine tools, etc., out of all proportion with normal requirements. She also imposed a lower rate of pay and a relatively longer working week so as to keep costs as low as possible; she subsidised exports so as to facilitate the disposal of surplus production and to over-load world markets, and thanks to this 'dumping' to forestall and place difficulties in the way of her foreign competitors." The French report goes on to say: "Germany attained her objectives. The British horological industry, at one time very virile, had practically ceased to exist when the last war was declared; the French industry, after having had several years of prosperity and with a future full of promise and hope, went through a very difficult period. At this same period Germany doubled her horological production figures."

You mentioned Sir Stafford Cripps's speech of October 1945, but you did not quote his most significant words "and when the war came, and we needed, naturally, to mobilise all the engineering resources we could muster, the inadequancy of the clock and watch industry left a very serious gap in what may be termed our industrial armoury."

As evidence of the manner in which the German horological industry built up its labour force during the pre-war re-armament period and during the actual war, I would quote figures from C.I.O. Report No. XXXI-67 of one firm, Junghans of Schramberg:—

Year	1935	1936	1937	1938	1942/44
Employees	5,205	6,653	8,254	8,715	10,619

One of the Directors of this concern indiscreetly informed me when I was in Germany in April, 1939, that half of his manufacturing capacity was concentrated on the production of mechanical fuses and detonators. The same report (page 64) indicates how this particular factory was occupied during the years 1942/43, as follows:—

1.	Mechanical Fuses	90 %
2.	Watches and Clocks for war use	6.1%
3.	Watches and Clocks for Civilian use	1.5%
4.	Export use	2.4%
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Undeniably Germany fostered her horological industry by every means in her power and at the same time did her utmost to destroy the British and French industries. The subsidies on her exports to the United

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Kingdom and France were 40/45 per cent., notwithstanding that the wages paid in her industry were only 76.4 per cent. of those paid in our industry, and our tariff protection only averaged 20 per cent., whereas she protected her own industry with the highest tariffs on her schedule. These were 120 per cent on alarm and electric clocks and 100 per cent., on other types. Incidentally, the United States protected her industry against this militant competition by tariffs ranging up to 185 per cent.

Overtures to Germany about the militant nature of her competition only brought the retort from a Nazi official, that if the prevailing export subsidy was not sufficient to put the British industry out of business it would be increased. No such increase was necessary, as the once flourishing British industry was virtually non-existent by the outbreak of war and the French industry was in little better shape.

Now Germany is asking for pity because, apparently, she wishes once again to build up her industry to its fantastically high pre-war level which was required solely for potential strategic needs. This is surely not possible, if, for strategic and economic reasons, the horological industries in countries with reasonable tariffs are to exist.

Germany's production of clocks in 1938, without considering watches, was no less than 15 million, and this at a time when her factories were heavily engaged on the production of mechanisms for war purposes. If, therefore, production were restricted to 50 per cent of the 1938 level, which I have always understood was about the level advocated by our Government, production would be at the rate of 7½-million clocks per annum and this would allow Germany to retain 4 to 5 million for sale internally and to have a surplus of 2½ to 3½-million for export, which, even at the lower figure, would make her the largest exporter of clocks in the world. If, on account of the reduced level, a measure of unemployment did arise, it would be solely because the German industry was fostered for war purposes, and the large amount of additional labour which was drafted into the factories prior to and during the war.

Notwithstanding the unemployment caused in the United Kingdom and France in pre-war days, not once have I heard the suggestion made that the Germans who would be redundant to the requirements of a restricted horological industry should be completely deprived of employment. It was realised that the desperate need in Germany to-day is housing, and the logical type of pre-fabricated house to make would be of timber, as sufficient supplies of steel and aluminium would not be available. It was also considered that a logical centre for the large-scale manufacture of such houses was the Black Forest district of Germany and that such houses in sections, with all their fittings and furniture, could be supplied to the towns so urgently requiring housing accommodation. Also, if thought fit, a percentage of such houses could be exported, thereby a large and really peaceful industry would be provided for all those Germans who would cease to be employed in the clock and watch factories.

As for your suggestion of looting, it was certainly never intended that the British clock and watch industry should rely on reparations; and, as far as I am aware, not a single piece of German clock and watch making machinery has been brought to this country.

If any action in which I have been concerned has had the effect of aiding the re-creation of a clock and watch industry in the United Kingdom and providing jobs for several thousand of my own fellow countrymen, especially in Development Areas, I am entirely unrepentant. I must, however, emphasise that, to my knowledge, the only aspect ever considered in British and French official circles, has been the strategic.

Park Lodge, The Avenue, Radlett, Herts. D. W. BARRETT

[Mr. Crossman writes: "Mr. Barrett does not contradict a single point in my article. He justifies himself by claiming (1) that the German clock industry is a dangerous war industry; and (2) that German competition is unfair. With regard to (1), he will find, if he re-reads what I wrote, that I emphasised the war potential of German clock-making and showed that the method of dismantling employed in Wurtemberg will leave the two big firms, in particular Junghans, intact, while smashing many smaller and harmless village firms, I suspect some funny business, but Mr. Barrett knows more than I do about the relations between Junghans and the French clock makers.

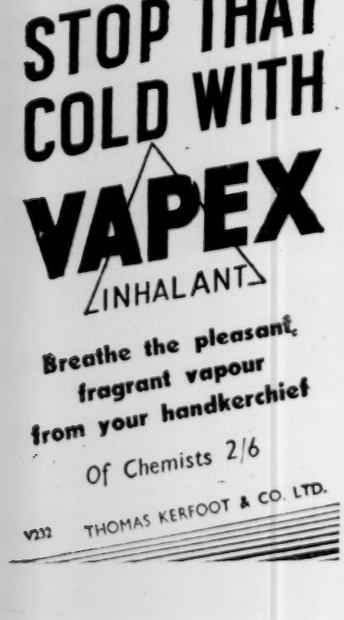
As for (2), the Government has repeatedly stated that British dismantling policy must not be influenced by such commercial considerations. In fact there is no evidence that it has been. The French dismantling list was produced unilaterally, without reference to any comparable level of industry, and it has received no approval in London. The claim, therefore, made in the Annual Report of the British Clock and Watch Manufacturers' Association that Mr. Barrett's negotiations had resulted in "agreement that the German industry is to be reduced to 50 per cent. of the 1938 level" is quite unjustified. In making it the Association has done grave damage to our prestige by implying, erroneously, that the British Government is a party to the scandalous proceedings which I investigated in Wurtemberg. I would add that sufficient has now been revealed about dismantling in the French Zone to warrant an official inquiry into the influence of trade associations upon dismantling in the British Zone."—*Ed. N. S. & N.*]

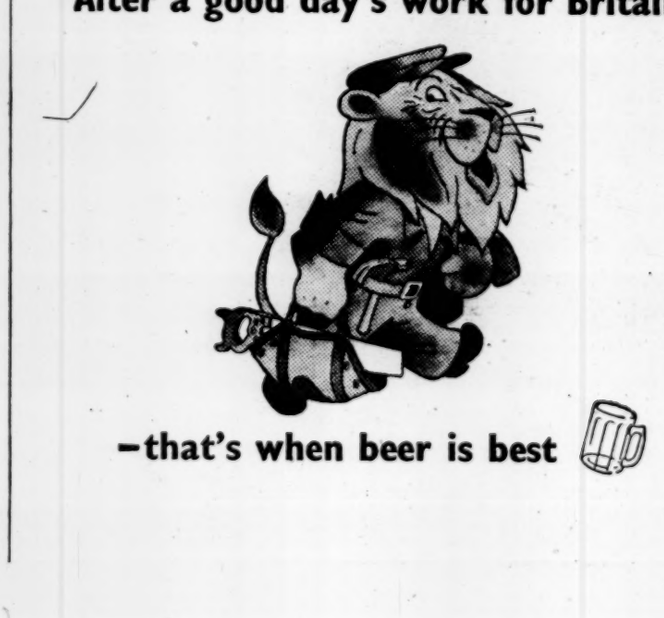
THE WROCLAW CONGRESS

SIR,—No one could agree more wholeheartedly with the main thesis of A. J. P. Taylor at the recent Congress in Wroclaw as reported in this Journal and as indicated by his own article in the *Manchester Guardian* (September 2nd, 1948); but the brutal stupidity of his cheap sneer in the latter at nationals with no proper machinery for representative delegation blunted the fine edge of the cogency of the case stated therein. There were, says A. J. P. Taylor (*loc. cit.*), "interminable speeches by representatives of Western Imperialism. . . . No one pointed out that the representatives of the oppressed coloured peoples for the most part make a snug living out of their oppressors as successful intellectuals in London or Paris."

The juxtaposition of two propositions in this context sums up the present sickness of white civilisation, because the moral strength of the Soviet appeal resides pre-eminently in one simple fact. Paul Robeson can stir the moral conscience of an American public by telling them how much more he values the possibility of walking the streets of Moscow with a sense of human dignity than the snug living he can make *out of* his oppressors in Washington or New York. We have no right to expect the Soviet citizen to take our professions of liberal Socialism seriously till we recognise the shortcomings of our colonial policy as candidly as we proclaim those of our American patrons; and it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the consequences of failure to do so. Nor have we sufficient grounds for complacency, because we are in fact pursuing a policy of bold social planning in the domestic sphere within a framework of freedom to criticise beyond the comprehension of most Americans and Russians.

Whether we shall succeed or fail in our domestic programme remains to be seen. The most likely prospect is that our country will soon be reduced to ashes and rubble over our dead bodies. Meanwhile, many of us are living in the fool's paradise of a comfortable conviction that America's technical resources for blasting its way to atomic victory over the stricken cindered corpse of Europe will curb Russia's—at present—aggressive temper. What too few of us have begun to get into our heads is that atomic frightfulness will not ensure the *Pax Americana* for which Bertrand Russell yearns. Nor will fulsome rhetoric of fellow travellers, be they ever so many,





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deter an appetite for territorial expansion inevitably inviting an American declaration of war. In its present temper Russia has no need to be frightened of technical or man-power resources which are powerless to handle an Asia with a new assurance and an awakening Africa. It will be primarily *our* fault and *our* folly if we encourage the U.S.S.R. in a course of conquest by resigning to it the moral leadership of the coloured peoples of the world.

Admittedly the first Labour Government with a clean record of resolute action is tackling vastly difficult problems inherent in the post-war set-up; but if an otherwise inevitable cataclysm blots out European civilisation because we, the British people, continue to regard colonial policy as a subsidiary issue, one can glean little comfort from the prospect of early success in our export drive. The Colonial Office should have at its head, as it never has had during the tenure of the present Government, a Minister with the intellectual calibre of a Cripps, the drive of a Morrison or Bevan and the moral integrity of a Lansbury. To date it has had as Ministers and understudies a dismal procession of little men with little minds and little courage.

One reason why so many of us fail to see the terrifying urgency of our responsibility for a world-challenging policy of colonial reform is our national aptitude for sweating moral guilt out of the body politic by denouncing our neighbours. As a professor in a South African University, the writer daily witnessed manifestations of racial oppression which liberal Americans can justly point to with equal complacency; and what is most pitiable on the brink of world-scale catastrophe is the reciprocal folly of such profitless recriminations. Since we cannot put the American house in order, a weekly wail about American Imperialism is merely a form of moral self-indulgence. What we can do is to fulfil our own Imperial obligations of decency and sanity. We are not doing so with resolution or imagination. When we do show the world a decisive inclination to do so we shall be able to vindicate our valuation of intellectual freedom at a crossroad of history desperately bleak for those who claim the right to know, to utter and to argue freely according to conscience.

In other circumstances it would be agreeable to contribute such sanitary reflections to a world symposium of "delegated" intellectuals as a British view of what British can and should contribute to a better understanding between ourselves and the U.S.S.R. Alas, the thinking man or woman in the post-war paper shortage has no forum unless he embraces one of two equally ludicrous affectations: (*a*) the suburban priggishness and egocentric Mandarinism of the oh-so-pure-science votaries, (*b*) the servile casuistry and irresponsible jesuitry of the Party boys, who fix things up to prohibit Anglo-Soviet culture contact unless such as to encourage either Russian confidence in the imminence of world revolution or the damaging delusion that T. S. Eliot is representative of contemporary British thought. Thus the Russian intellectual behind an iron curtain of misinformation has no way of knowing that there is a new British way of life basically different from the American, and has every reason to indulge in the paranoid fantasy that British intellectuals are either: (*a*) heroic and good and quite sure that the U.S.S.R. leads the world in genetics; (*b*) decadent dregs of a civilisation on its death bed laughing their way off the stage of history with the chromatocratic hysteria appropriate to their comedy role. Every minute this tragic farce continues brings us nearer to death and to a dark age from which the coloured peoples of the earth may perhaps creep back into sunlight a few thousand years hence.

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THE ARAB LEGION

SIR,—In your issue of September 4th, I read Mr. Crossman's review of my book *The Story of the Arab Legion*, under the title "News from Nowhere." I have no desire to dispute Mr. Crossman's estimate of the value of the book, but he has attributed to me certain opinions which I do not hold. It is on this subject that I ask the favour of a small part of your valuable space.

Mr. Crossman states that I express my passionate anti-Zionism throughout the book. Actually, Palestine is only mentioned in one out of twenty chapters. The chapter on Palestine deals chiefly with operations against Arab rebels. Mr. Crossman misunderstood me if he thought that I desired to express passion of any kind.

Mr. Crossman further believes that I advocate a 'bedouin' Arab League. I am aware that the bedouins are a small minority in the Middle East and of no political importance. I was careful to emphasize this in my introduction, being fully aware of the fact that the British public are inclined to attribute too much importance to bedouins.

The book, thinks Mr. Crossman, is "tragically irrelevant either to Anglo-Arab relations or to the emancipation of the Arab peoples." Irrelevant to politics it was intended to be. Mr. Crossman is mistaken if he thinks that I was trying to "put across" any policy. I wrote the book because I enjoyed writing it, and I hope that it will be read for the pleasure of reading it. (Incidentally, why "tragically"?—Cannot we write or read for sheer enjoyment?)

In brief, Mr. Crossman has attributed to me certain opinions and has filled three columns proving them to be erroneous. Mr. Crossman is right. The opinions are wrong—but I never held them.

J. B. GLUBB, *Brigadier*
Royal Hashemite Transjordan Legation,
Office of the Military Attaché,
6 Upper Phillimore Gardens, London, W.8.

SOVIET GENETICS

SIR,—I have at last found, in a French journal, *Les Lettres Françaises*, an outline in comprehensible terms, of what the Lysenko-Vavilov controversy is all about.

The "orthodox geneticists" have long maintained that the potentialities of the germ-plasm are congenital, innate and unchangeable by circumstance, and that therefore "acquired characteristics cannot be transmitted". You are *born* with a certain assemblage of genes, so is your future mate, and that is that. On this premise, evolution is seen to proceed by means of sudden "uncaused" mutations or "freaks", which, if favourable to survival, enable the "freak" to multiply itself more rapidly than the norm and so establish a fresh species; for the occurrence of these mutations the "orthodox geneticists" can assign no other cause than blind chance, the working out of the laws of mathematical probability in the permutations of the genes.

Clearly, such a theory can be used to justify passive acceptance of the workings of chance, and it is as "scientific fatalism" that it has been attacked. Dissatisfied in principle with its passivity and in particular with the way it played into the hands of the racists, Lysenko and his followers have been re-examining the whole problem of heredity in the light of centuries of empirical practice in plant and animal breeding. Lysenko's starting-point was the fact that in grafting the recipient takes on the characters of the graft; the "acquired characteristics" brought in by that graft are thus in fact transmitted to the offspring of the recipient. This, he contends, gives the lie to the theory of the immutability of the germ-plasm and of the impossibility of *causing* a mutation deliberately.

In animal breeding the question is more complicated, since reproduction takes place in a forward line, from one generation to the next, not by continual budding from one stock, as in trees. Here therefore the points at issue are (1) whether *all* characters are "fixed" at birth; and (2) if some are not "fixed" at birth,

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at what point in life they become so, if ever. Lysenko appears to maintain (1) that only certain socially irrelevant characters (such as pigmentation) are innate; and (2) that other characters are modifiable in infancy and childhood, up to the formation at puberty of the reproductive cells, which, once formed, maintain their potentialities unchanged, though they can of course themselves suffer injury or destruction. That is to say that the quality and capacity of the reproductive cells depend on the treatment received by the organism up to puberty, not merely from birth.

Obviously this theory is of great importance with regard, for example, to the "congenital" diseases hitherto considered as transmissible to future generations; and it offers a (perhaps redundant) theoretical genetic vindication of the till-now merely empirical insistence on proper treatment of the young. Lysenko does not say that if you break your leg you will have one-legged children, nor that dying your hair can ensure you a red-headed daughter; but his theory means that the child of tubercular parents need not have tubercular children, and that the child of sickly parents, though undernourished, maltreated and conditioned into semi-idiocy from birth to, say, its seventh or eighth year, can be retrieved and will be able to engender normally healthy and intelligent children. That is to say that the character of health and intelligence acquired some years *after* birth can be transmitted.

Possibly the "orthodox geneticists" would not deny this; but if, then, they rest their case solely on the transmission of such characters as pigmentation, which no-one in his senses could consider socially important, their science is of negligible social utility. And that is precisely the charge against the Vavilov school.

S. JACKSON

23 Warrington Crescent, W.9.

MORE CANTANKERY

SIR,—Let me assure your correspondent, Miss Wallington, that my article was not dictated by wounded vanity. In the Theatre we soon learn to take the rough with the smooth; and I have produced too many plays to be much influenced by the failure of any one play in any particular country. I thought I had made it quite plain in my article that I was all in favour of a reasonable exchange of books, plays, films, periodicals, radio programmes, etc., with America. I have always done all I could to help that exchange. I also thought I made it plain that what worries me is the increasing domination of American interests in the fields of mass communication and popular entertainment, and the way in which this domination is encouraged by some sections of the Press here, with results that may be socially and politically dangerous. Because she caught a few glimpses of British films and periodicals in America, your correspondent asks us to believe with her that we exchange such products on a fifty-fifty basis. This is the wildest nonsense. Out of the five newsreels regularly shown in our cinemas, two are controlled—and very thoroughly controlled—by American companies. The four cinemas that are nearest to this house are all showing American films. The display of English periodicals in America is minute when compared with that of *Time* here, to name no other American periodical. The air is loud with the noise of girls from Birmingham, Warwickshire, trying to sound like girls from Birmingham, Alabama. Visiting film stars are given more publicity than some performers of great talent here have had in a lifetime. And some of our newspapers are already behaving as if London were merely a provincial city in a society of which New York is the capital. One can like America and the Americans, as I do, and yet strongly deplore this mass influence and fear its social and political consequences. Our enjoyment of American ingenuity and talent is one thing, this steam-rolling by American big business interests is quite another thing; and we do neither ourselves nor our American friends a service by encouraging it.

Billingham Manor, Chillerton,
Isle of Wight. J. B. PRIESTLEY

CHILDREN'S GAMES

SIR,—The letter from your correspondent Mr. Warwick Edwards took my mind back half a century with his list of popular games prevalent in London at that time; well do I remember many of them. Important omissions, however, were spinning tops for boys, and whipping tops—usually a girls game. These made their appearance in the spring, along with hoops—wooden ones for girls and iron ones for boys; the latter were propelled by means of an iron hook in a wooden handle, known as a "skeeler."

No list of youngsters' games of that era would be complete without mentioning "Cherrybobs" which consisted of a boy sitting on any smooth pavement with his legs apart with an ordinary wood screw upended; a chalk line being marked some feet away. The competitors rolled cherry-stones at the screw, being rewarded by three cherrybobs for a "hit" and six for a "knock-down." In the event of the owner of the screw being unable to meet his commitments, he was compelled to forfeit his screw in the event of a hit or knock-down.

All games were rigidly seasonable; the most popular boy's game late in the year, was of course; "Conkers" i.e. Horse-chestnuts. Various methods were taken to harden these; the most popular being baking in a slow oven. About this time girls usually concentrated on skipping; taking turns at "turning"—one at either end of the rope for the popular "Salt, Mustard, Vinegar and Pepper." A variation for expert skippers, was "Double Dutch," for which two ropes being turned in opposite directions were used. I think the cinema and the radio are the main reasons for youngsters' games, as I knew them, going into the discard.

FREDERIC BARRETT

14 Arundel Way, Newquay, Cornwall.

HOT NEWS—AND TRIVIAL

SIR,—It was significant that the examples of hot news in Crossman's article "The Swiss Cure" always showed this news to be trivial in character. Thus, his facts might have been interpreted as showing that the law of debasement of journalism is not only that hot news drives out cold, but that reactionary or trivial news drives out information useful for making judgments about the world and its affairs.

Beaverbrook was reputed to have said to the Royal Commission on the Press that one of its most important functions is propaganda. Few newspaper publishers are so frank, but *all* operate the policy.

Crossman's conclusion that the debasing of journalism is due to large circulations and not Press Lords' political policy is invalid and unworthy of a Socialist. Large circulations and the desire for immediate profit must certainly influence policy, but the need to bemuse the electorate with trivialities and to stress stories with anti-Soviet and anti-Socialist angles is dominant. It is essentially an attempt at working class demoralisation.

Probably the basic difference between Switzerland and most other capitalist countries is simply this: Switzerland is pre-eminently a capitalist country where there is no mass movement of dissatisfaction with the dominant system. In Britain and U.S.A. there are such mass movements which, whilst not yet strong enough or ideologically clear enough to threaten the rulers effectively, yet represent a formidable nucleus for a possible future challenge. It is the development of this movement which must be broken up or the movement confused and its potential adherents diverted to the pursuit of social trivialities—Robert Taylor, murders, Princess Margaret and sexy stories. This function is alloted to the mass circulation newspapers.

I. BERKOVITCH

16 Mordaunt House, Albion Avenue, S.W.8.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

A LIFE of Napoleon written by himself! The appeal seems irresistible. Certainly, to judge by the quotations on the dust-cover, it swept away the distinguished reviewers of the earlier (limited) edition; and the price of the present book indicates that it is expected to have the same success with the general reader. Mr. de Chair, the editor,* describes it as "the voice of the giant himself." The conversation of giants, then, must be very dull. The proclamations and bulletins of Napoleon show him to have been a propagandist of genius; so, too, was Goebbels. Yet the Memoirs of the one are as dreary as the Diaries of the other. In fact, the memoirs of Napoleon—undoubtedly a genuine product of his mind—almost convinced me that the Goebbels' diaries were genuine; if Napoleon could write as boringly as this, perhaps Goebbels could also. Both works are, of course, full of lies; that was to be expected. It is the drabness, the fatuity, the commonplaceness of mind, that are surprising. What, for instance, could be more idiotic than Napoleon's explanation of polygamy in his chapter on Egypt? It occurs, he says, in countries inhabited by men of several colours and "is the only means of preventing them persecuting each other," since every man can have a black wife, a white one, a copper-coloured one and one of some other colour." He proceeds to recommend it in the French colonies as the solution of the colour question, so that every man can have "one white, one black, and one Mulatto wife, at the same time."

Napoleon knew well that he was not a brilliant author; and he protected himself by speaking contemptuously of writers, as he did of his other enemies. Just as he described the English as "men who were continually at table, almost always intoxicated, and of uncommunicative disposition," so he dismissed writers as men of no practical sense.

He was not concerned to compete with those detestable ideologues; he had no interest at all in creating a work of art—his life in action had been creation enough. His reminiscences were written, or rather dictated, for effect. They were to launch a legend, the legend of Divine Caesar. Cold and aloof like a marble statue in classical robes, they are without personality; and it was a great error of judgment by Mr. de Chair to substitute the first person singular for "Napoleon," "the Emperor," "the general" of the original text. For Napoleon's statue is not vocal even after the fashion of the statue in Don Giovanni; and the essential purpose of these writings is in their remoteness from life. Napoleon the man was finished; Napoleon the institution had to be perpetuated.

It is not surprising therefore that the only section of Memoirs which Napoleon completed and finally polished is the part dealing with the campaign of Waterloo. A defeat of such finality needs a good deal of explaining away. Napoleon had an excuse in Grouchy's failure to come up with Blücher on June 18; and he repeats this excuse again and again. But he is pulled up by an uneasy sense that the real failure lay in the faulty orders which Grouchy received from his Supreme Commander; and Napoleon swings off on the other tack that Waterloo was an indecisive battle, the effect of which could have been undone by a further campaign. This line, too, has its dangers; for the failure to continue the war could be explained only by the war-weariness of the French. This was not an argument with which to appeal to posterity. The only way out is to assert that his strategy was throughout correct and that Wellington and Blücher committed "every conceivable mistake." Thus Napoleon persuaded himself that he had in fact won the battle of Waterloo and his memoirs end with an expression of sympathy for the people of London "when they learnt of the catastrophe which had befallen their army."

The main section of the record, which runs from the siege of Toulon to the battle of Marengo, lacks the finish of the Waterloo narrative. Napoleon dictated these chapters haphazard to two amanuenses; and the two rivals kept their work separate when they published it after Napoleon's death. Mr. de Chair has sorted out the two sources and pruned away the asides with which Napoleon relieved the tedium. In this story of his early success Napoleon had less to explain away; all the same he never missed a chance to heighten the emphasis on the unique character and achievement of "the Emperor." Thus Paoli, the Corsican patriot, "used frequently to say of the young artillery officer [myself], 'He is a man for a Plutarch's biography.'" With this unlikely anecdote Napoleon blots out the story of his equivocal behaviour in Corsican affairs. Entertaining, too, in their way are the passages on naval warfare, in which Napoleon proves that it is much easier to win battles at sea than on land; Trafalgar is successfully rubbed out of existence. But for the most part the principles of Plutarch are observed all too seriously. There are accounts of Italy and Egypt which could have been taken from any gazeteer; even the military narrative lacks spirit. This served Napoleon's purpose. "The general" remained without a rival figure; and Napoleon could conclude with an account of Marengo, which conceals that he had lost the battle and slides, almost without mention, over Desaix who had come to Bonaparte's rescue. It is a fitting end to a narrative which is unreliable from beginning to end.

Can Napoleon have supposed that this dull and lying record would really secure his fame? This puzzle is the only point of interest raised by this book. Some part of the explanation may be found in the decline of his faculties. The only exciting passages are the quotations from the proclamations which Bonaparte wrote as the young general of the Army of Italy; these still ring with life, and their author could not have written dully however hard he tried. Success corrupts; and Napoleon had achieved success without parallel in modern history. The spare, beautiful artillery officer had become fat and coarse; and his mind became coarse at the same time. Besides, Napoleon had expected everyone to sacrifice himself for the Empire; and the first sacrifice had been his own personality. The young Bonaparte had been vital, though no doubt unattractive; Napoleon had squeezed the life out of him. Flashes of personality persisted, even at St. Helena. These make Napoleon interesting to history; they did not interest Napoleon himself. He was concerned only with his public performance. Stendhal found the key to Napoleon, when he described Julien Sorel, after his first night with Mme. de Rênal, asking himself: "*Ai-je bien joué mon rôle?*" Sorel, like Napoleon, was dominated by ambition; he lacked inner life and so fails to hold the reader's sympathy or even attention. Napoleon's was a more complicated case. He had begun as a romantic figure in the spirit of Rousseau; he ended as an abstraction from Plutarch. To use the clumsy contemporary phrase, this destruction of Napoleon by himself was the last triumph of the Classical over the Romantic. The essence of the Romantic movement was the elevation of individual sentiment and of individual character; yet Napoleon, with a more remarkable character than any, was ashamed of possessing it and returned to a Classical worship of the external world.

The explanation of this outmoded artificiality is simple; and Napoleon himself hints at it in the early pages of his Memoirs. He could have been genuine—"romantic"—only as a Corsican patriot; once he deserted his natural cause, he could only play parts and to do this he had to crush out his individuality. Sometimes, as when he played at being a French patriot or even a French Emperor, the part came off; at others, as when he played at being a Moslem in Egypt or wished to play at being the liberator-general after Waterloo, the pretence was too blatant. But, for a man who claimed to possess a sense of reality, Napoleon's judgment was strangely unreliable from start to finish. The eighteenth of Brumaire was as wild an adventure as the Hundred Days; in neither case did Napoleon have any clear idea what he was doing—he was simply "playing his role." For that matter Marengo was as much a gamble as Waterloo. It implanted in Napoleon the belief that he had truly mastered the external world; this gave him the necessary self-confidence for his career, though it ultimately brought him to disaster. Traditional ideas and traditional institutions had lost their force. Losing faith in God, men sought a human saviour. The first of these human Gods was Napoleon; and the condition of his fame was the confident readiness to attempt the impossible. Napoleon believed in himself; he continued to believe even when reality had shattered the basis of this belief, and he supposed that others would believe too. Hence he even believed that readers could be found for his memoirs.

All the same, despite Napoleon, a human being is buried in these writings. Napoleon no doubt thought that he was building a monument to his future fame. Most of the time, in reality, he was fighting his battles over again simply for the pleasure of it; and this time without risk of failure. No reader can be persuaded that the catalogue of divisions and the description of obscure skirmishes serve any literary purpose. Napoleon had ceased to think of the reader. He had escaped from the unpleasant reality of St. Helena and was manoeuvring imaginary armies. There once more he could exercise the devotion to detail and the implacable demands for speed that had been the secret of his success (though also of his failure). Bending over the map of Lombardy, he could once more forget that Josephine had been unfaithful to him immediately after marriage (and he expected the reader to forget it too). In fact, if only he exerted his will strongly enough, he might again master the external world: St. Helena would disappear and Lombardy, or Paris under the Consulate, become once more reality. It was this belief in the human will, at any rate his own, that made Napoleon the representative and culmination of the French revolution.

The essence of the revolution was belief in man. Once you believe that man is naturally good, you must believe, too, that he can do anything. Napoleon certainly held this belief about himself. And no doubt man can do anything, if he goes the right way about it. The right way, as the events of the last century and a half have shown, is the way of science: the improvement of technique. The men of the French Revolution, and Napoleon with them, supposed that they could master the world by will alone. Hence the Napoleonic armies, for example, marched faster than other armies simply by the compelling force of Napoleon's command; modern armies move faster by train or aeroplane. Napoleon killed his secretaries by over-work; with the dictaphone and the typewriter they would have survived quite easily. Napoleon was following the wrong course; the further his will carried him, the greater was bound to be his final catastrophe. He supposed that events could be made; in the end events took their revenge on him. There was no essential difference between Napoleon in victory and in defeat (hence his own bewilderment at Waterloo): he always asked the impossible, and sometimes it was granted him. This is the real basis of the Napoleonic legend (as it will be for the legend of Hitler). Napoleon is the hero of all those who resent reality, of all those who will not trouble to master "the art of the possible." Napoleon is the supreme example of the human being who became more than lifesize; and those who admire Napoleon are really flattering the human being in themselves. Yet what did this wonderful human being end in? A querulous sick man on a sub-tropical island dictating a drab and meaningless record to wile away the time. The Memoirs of Napoleon suggest that there is something to be said for not thinking that you are God. A. J. P. TAYLOR

* *Napoleon's Memoirs.* Edited by Somerset de Chair. *Faber.* 42*s.*

BRITISH SOCIALISM

Triple Challenge. By FRANCIS WILLIAMS. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Francis Williams has written what is unquestionably the best survey both of the policies and of the doctrines of the Labour Government. No one has better qualifications for the job. For two years he worked as the Prime Minister's adviser on public relations; and, since then, he has had time to reflect on the inside view of Labour politics which he obtained at "Number 10." The result is a book of quite unusual importance.

It will be a pity if the anecdotes and lengthy character-sketches, with which he lightens his text, deflect attention from its serious argument. Mr. Williams is a shrewd observer with his own taste in politicians. To learn why he despises Shinwell, distrusts Dalton, suspects Morrison, respects Cripps, worships Attlee and can't help liking Bevin, is vastly entertaining, particularly for the reader who finds people more interesting than policies. But the real "revelations" of *Triple Challenge* are not contained in the stories of how "Ernie" backed "Nye" for Minister of Health during the Cabinet-making, or how Shinwell was sacked for being "anti-middle-class"; but in the description of the dilemmas and uncertainties—as well as the deep convictions—out of which the Cabinet's policy has slowly emerged. Here Mr. Williams gives us a real insight into the minds—or rather the common mind—of two men, the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary. *Triple Challenge* is the first full-length exposition of the *Bevin-Attlee* line. We see contemporary history through their eyes; and for the first time there emerges a strongly-drawn picture of what they mean by democratic socialism.

As so often in our history, theory has been the consequence and not the motive of action. Only the simplest and deepest convictions have remained constant in the stress of government responsibility. Policies, advocated in opposition or from the headquarters of the Transport Workers, have proved impracticable; measures condemned on public platforms have been adopted perforce. Most important of all, temporary expedients, unwillingly accepted, have revealed themselves as permanent contributions to social advance. Democratic socialism, as it is now being constructed, was not planned or even foreseen in the 1930s, when Mr. Bevin collaborated with Mr. Cole, and Mr. Attlee wrote for the Left Book Club. It has arisen largely out of the response to two emergencies, the sudden ending of Lend-Lease, when Japan surrendered in 1945; and the convertibility crisis of July 1947. The historic achievement of this Government is not the legislative passage of "Let's face the future"—a programme designed for a party which expected to be in Opposition—but its success in grappling with these two crises, and using them for quite unpremeditated advances towards democratic planning. Already, the legislative programme seems a little antiquated; it is the emergency measures which set the pattern of the future. Characteristically, British Socialism, like British Liberalism 100 years ago, is scrapping its blue print, along with its "opposition-mindedness," and coming to grips with the unforeseen reality. In so doing, it is false to its theories but true to its convictions. Britain is becoming more socialist and more democratic—but not by the methods anyone expected.

Mr. Williams, describing this process in detail, reveals the special role of Sir Stafford Cripps in working out the idea of democratic planning. Most Socialists in the '30s—including the Chancellor—conceived of planning as something imposed from above, on the Russian model. We debated the relations of the planners to Parliament but seldom to the people, yet this has proved to be the point where democratic planning departs from the Russian line. Under Sir Stafford's leadership, "enlightened" Trade-Union leaders and "enlightened" capitalists find themselves united against "reactionaries" on both sides of industry; and free enterprise—working under an overall plan and immunised by State-owned services and basic industries—becomes an essential component of Socialism. *Triple Challenge* gives a brilliant description of this development and Mr. Williams rightly claims that it is not merely American dollars but our Socialist achievements in three years of crisis which have provided a magnet to pull the peoples of Europe away from Communism, and so incurred the hostility of the Soviet Union.

But when he turns to the actual handling of external affairs, Mr. Williams has a more difficult case to argue. His central thesis is the dual position of Britain, and the dual policy which must follow from it. On the economic side, we need—if the U.S.A. permits it—the restoration of multilateral trade; but we must reinsure against failure by bi-lateralism. Politically, we must lead Western Union, but not at the cost of our Commonwealth relations (to which a particularly useful chapter is devoted). Militarily, we must accept a *de facto* Anglo-American alliance, yet relate it both to our Commonwealth and European defence systems.

The case is put with great persuasiveness. But it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that often duality is a euphemism for indecision. If Mr. Williams condemns Dr. Dalton for failing to foresee the results of convertibility, he must equally condemn Sir Stafford for clinging to the illusion that America will ever permit a return to "genuine" multilateralism. Indeed his treatment of U.S. policy is strangely vague. While he makes an excellent objective analysis of the structure and strategy of the Soviet Union, he does not venture on any similar treatment of the U.S.A. Here wish-fulfilment becomes the basis of policy. In chiding those Left Wingers, who pressed for a Western Union "prematurely," he talks of "*Anglo-American* influence in Europe in support of social Democracy" (!) and of Marshall Aid as assisting Social Democrats "to obtain the freedom of action which was a necessary prelude to any discussion of Western European unity." Has this really been the effect of E.R.P.? It is no contribution to Anglo-American friendship to play down the obvious fact that America believes in exporting free enterprise a good deal more whole-heartedly than Britain believes in exporting Socialism.

The fact is that the Government's successes have been successes of improvisation; and improvisation works better in the domestic than in the foreign field. To wait for a crisis, which necessitates action, is probably still the best way of getting British people to accept unpalatable changes. But in foreign affairs, foresight, calculation and decision are essential. Here you do not escape from a dilemma by sitting on the fence and talking of a dual policy. If you delay decision until the crisis is on top of you, your power of decision is removed. One example is the problem of the Ruhr. Were Left-wing critics really "premature" in urging that we could put German heavy industry under public ownership while we were still in sole control and paying our way? Mr. Williams, defending Mr. Bevin, expresses the pious hope that the Americans will have a genuinely joint policy now that they have the full cost. But the fact is we missed our chance of building the basis for a common policy, when we failed to act in 1946.

This indeed has been the chronic weakness of Labour's foreign policy. Conducted according

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—*Howard Spring: Sunday Graphic.* 8*pp. illus.* 8/6 *net.*

the tempo and spirit of British domestic affairs, has failed to seize its few opportunities for dependent action. Assuming that "something ll turn up" if he waits long enough—it usually es in Britain—Mr. Bevin has permitted the palatable to become the inevitable. Mr. illiams seeks to defend these failures partly his theory of duality and partly by omitting discussion of such disasters as our handling of lestine.

None the less, *Triple Challenge* is a conerable achievement; and both the faults and virtues in its case for British Socialism lie in the author but in the minds of the two n whom he so faithfully reflects.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

TAKE TWELVE EGGS

rs. Beeton and Her Husband. By NANCY SPAIN. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Commonly the great appear very natural: perps because we are used to them, or because we not judge them by the light of trivial oddities. t delve into the hubbub of the past to retrieve near-great, and what surprises they bring ng, how stupidly they set one gaping! How ch more truly, in a way, they seem to repret the big world.

For most people, I gather, the chief surprise *Mrs. Beeton and Her Husband* is the heroine's uth; she began her *magnum opus* at twentyee and died at twenty-eight. Stunning it is, rtainly, but by some odd chance I knew it bere. What took me unawares and left me gasp- were her family circumstances. It was a ily of twenty-one, not counting Isabella's ther and stepfather, and the children were ught up in the Epsom grandstand. It sounds tastic, but they were. By previous marriages, nry Dorling and his wife had four children th; jointly they had thirteen more, and, since r. Dorling happened to be Clerk of the Course, growing tribe slept in the committee-rooms d played in the paddock, except during the ring Meeting. It would seem that Mr. Dorling, very successful business man, personable, arming, and accomplished on five wind instruents, was not quite easy about his racecourse ployment; he once observed that "it was not entleman's job." To which his wife replied: ou are a gentleman, Henry, and you have made so." Probably she overcame his misgivings; least, when her daughter Isabella married Sam eton it was in the grandstand they gave the wedding party. Isabella's dress, we learn, was flounced to the waist; "each flounce was of a different design and each had been worked over by a different sister."

A great deal might be said of the Dorling household, which has all the fascinating singularity of the now-obscure. But Sam Beeton (nobody could call him Samuel) has a further and stronger claim; for time has been even more unjust to him than to his young wife. If "Mrs. Beeton" conjures up a stout dame in bombazine, how do we think of "Mr. Beeton"? As a cipher, a fading question-mark, a sedate and slightly ludicrous Victorian shadow. And now we find he was a live wire—so much alive that even yet, in these modest pages, one can hear it crackling. His wife, a more prosaic figure, might have grown old, whereas the young Sam Beeton seems youth incarnate. He was a nonsensical and ardent swain, a publisher with a streak of genius—or at least unusually compounded of air and fire. He was consumptive, too, and died at forty-six; and it is by no means out of character that he died a failure. All his brilliant ventures, his encyclopedia, his *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, his *Boy's Own Journal*, his device of paper patterns for dressmaking—not to speak of *Household Management*—led him to the Bankruptcy Court, while they continued—some are still continuing—to make fortunes for other people.

Isabella, calm, sensible and energetic, was just the wife for him, yet even that connection had its unlucky side. He and the Mayson-Dorlings did not get on. They had liked him once, but as Isabella's choice they disapproved of him in a body; and though such veiled hostilities are common enough, to be disapproved of by a phalanx of twenty people must be oppressive. Sam Beeton was not the man to cringe, but he may, as this biographer suggests, have found Henry Dorling rather beyond his weight. The gentlemanly Clerk of the Course appears to have thought his son-in-law a trifle vulgar—in which perhaps he was not far wrong. And his condescending tone had so much to back it; wealth, position, and a fine big family—fine in every sense, for the young Dorlings were as creditable as they were numerous. Poor Sam had to keep his end up against all that; as a child he had looked like Shelley, and later it is easy to conceive him beating his wings against the bars of Dorling superiority. In business he was naturally over-confident, attempting too much too fast; the Dorling situation may have goaded him on. Perhaps, too, it increased his desire for offspring, though Isabella felt the same—"They were both so anxious to have *two little boys* playing together." Up to the last year of their marriage there had been three, but only one had survived; Isabella was a "superb, healthy, vigorous young woman . . . never ill in her life," but as a mother she was strangely unfortunate. Of course, the Mayson-Dorlings blamed Sam, who overworked their Bella, worried her with his affairs, and then talked of childbirth as "a mere effort of nature." And perhaps he did let her work too hard. But all we know is that she died of puerperal fever, leaving him—a pathetic stroke—the "two little boys" they wanted so much; and that the Dorlings thought it Sam's fault. In later life, one of them used always to say: "He killed her!"

It seems particularly vain to speculate on what she might still have written. By its very nature, her great work stands alone; it is not a book, it is a monument—to the Age of Plenty. This biographer, being also a great-niece, resents the way it has become a music-hall joke. Mrs. Beeton, she says, was not profuse, but merely catering for large numbers; nor would she ever have rapped out a "parade-ground order" like "Take 12 eggs." But, even so, the calm, well-turned periods, the astounding coloured plates, the air of leisure and solidity suggest an enormous well-being, which one can only laugh at or be crushed. And what vitality they had in those days! The monumental "Mrs. Beeton" arose quite simply from a girl's domestic problems and her wish to help other girls; it was produced in three years by a young married woman, who had plenty of work besides.

After all this, I need hardly say that Nancy Spain is worth reading. Her one, most natural, defect is filial piety; she sees too much in Isabella's letters and journals, and quotes her lightest utterance with pride. But even that has its charm.

K. JOHN

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better Church and a better world. And a better Church to him meant one in which the laity had considerable authority, a better world required a co-operative economic system in place of the prevailing competitive chaos. He was thus, in this order, a servant of God, a Church reformer and a socialist.

The Dean of Lichfield, in his official biography, treats Temple most faithfully in the first and second aspects, but, possibly for want of sympathy, he fails with the third. Temple, were he alive to read this book, would be amused to see his socialism so gingerly handled. Amused, I say, for Temple seemed not to know what it was to be cross; certainly he could never show vexation. His chauffeur is reported to have said: "His Grace's trouble is, he doesn't know how to tick you off."

Temple was born into the purple and his rise to power was smooth enough. Rugby, a Balliol exhibition, a double First, a philosophy fellowship at Queen's, headmaster (at 28) of Repton, rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, Canon of Westminster, Bishop of Manchester, Archbishop first of York and finally, for all too short a time, of Canterbury—the progression was almost inevitable. The only people who seriously doubted that Temple would end on his father's throne as Primate were those who thought he would be Prime Minister instead.

The curse of Temple's life was gout. Not many people knew it, and he let it interfere very little with his work, but for years he was tormented by the pain of it. He was a strict teetotaler—is gout the price of drinking too little as well as too much?—and he never smoked. Yet he was no ascetic. He ate—zestfully, immoderately, boyishly. When friends at lunch took out their pipes or at dinner moved to port, Temple, we are told, would "finish off the pudding." Pudding, of course: you had only to look at him to guess that he must like it. Underneath the Church regalia he was always the Fat Boy of the School, ample, genial, generous, and the first to enjoy the joke about himself. He used to tell of a nightshirt he sent to the laundry and the bill he received in return: "for washing: one bell tent." Sir William Fyfe contributes to the Dean's biography a note about a day on the Cumberland fells with Temple, a far from nimble climber, who, on reaching one summit, "sat heavily down, wiped his brow and exclaimed: 'Thank God, I do *not* believe in the resurrection of the flesh!'"

Temple could never bring himself to make another person suffer, even in the name of discipline. His biographer writes of "weakness" here, but to many Temple must have seemed the better Christian precisely because he was so reluctant to punish. He worked eagerly for penal reform and was unequivocally opposed to hanging. At Repton he would punish a miscreant boy by handing him a Bradshaw and telling him to puzzle out some intricate railway journey. Need one add that Temple was thought to be a poor headmaster? His biographer's criticisms of Temple's rule at Repton are worth quoting, if only for the light they throw on the Dean's own mind:

> It is more difficult to account for the moral condition of (Temple's) own house; and here too perhaps little can be said except that a virtue became a source of weakness. Temple must surely have been the only headmaster to choose Browning's *Now* for reading aloud to his older pupils, and his own innocence and chastity were so exceptional that the sexual malpractices of schoolboys lay outside the general scheme of things which had his immediate and sympathetic interest. It can hardly be said that he turned a blind eye to them. Probably the safest conjecture is that he was too far removed from them to see what was required by way of discipline to limit their incidence and the atmosphere that encouraged them, to understand the treatment which would correct them.

Temple's Christian friends were often distressed about his Christianity. They appreciated him, for his strength of intellect and character was quite exceptional, and a mass of people outside the Church was ready to follow him; but few entirely understood him. Nor, for that matter, did others always think that Temple could understand them. He was said to be unable to distinguish between the average ordinand's abilities and those of his diocesan examiners.

Was there understanding between Temple and Archbishop Davidson, who accepted him into the Church? Temple was originally refused ordination by the Bishop (Paget) of Oxford because he had only "tentatively accepted the Virgin Birth and the resurrection of Christ." Archbishop Davidson a year or two later accepted Temple's application for holy orders, not "over the Bishop's head," but, he insisted, because Temple's views were definitely different from what he had expressed in a crude "undergraduate" way to Bishop Paget. The Dean of Lichfield publishes in full the correspondence between Davidson and Paget on this subject. It makes enthralling reading, though I cannot finally decide whether it is burning sincerity or brilliant sophistry which illuminates its pages.

If Davidson took a chance on the ordinand's opinions, the risk diminished within the ye Temple's Churchmanship was for the most pa "Broad" only in the sense Dean Stanley me when he first used the word in the *Edinbur Review* a century and more ago—a principle th sought to embrace the whole Church and not t sceptical modernism the term suggests to-day. A he grew older Temple became more orthodox. D Niebuhr, who met the Archbishop a little wh before he died, was startled by his theologic "rigidity." Hastings Randall had said to Tem many years before: "I used to think you we too much of a heretic to be ordained; now I a beginning to fear that you will end up in th Pusey House."

If for no other reason, Temple found Angl Catholics increasingly congenial because the seemed to be more interested than other Church men in socialism. When he decided to join th Labour Party at the end of the first world wa Temple learned from Bishop Gore that he, too was joining; and as late as 1941, the Archbishop famous Conference at Malvern owed its succe to Anglo-Catholic support. If, as the Dean o Lichfield tells us, Temple moved to the Righ when he left the Labour Party about the tim of the General Strike, he never lost his zeal fo a specifically Christian socialism. Once he eve went so far as to say about a Labour Church "They are not Christians (in metaphysics) ther but I have seldom felt so near the real presence of pure religion". Temple was a great pioneer the W.E.A., for he held that ignorance was no le a social evil than poverty. But no *more* an ev "Christianity," he often said, "is a materialis religion."

How Temple first came to socialism, the Dea of Lichfield has not troubled to explain. O page 64 we are told that Temple's "avow socialism" was not the best passport to an Ox ford S.C.R. But there is nothing in the pre ceding pages to suggest that Temple was socialist. This is only one of several lacunae an loose ends that mar an otherwise competent bi graphy. It is particularly trying, for examp to be told of such events as A. L. Smith's m sterious request to Temple to accept no fello ship at a college other than Balliol, "for a pa ticular reason which I cannot yet tell you," sin the Dean omits to mention later what that reas was. Then there are the mistakes. No on minds decanal eccentricities such as the refe ences to Hilary Term at Oxford as "Lent" Ter or to Mr. Baldwin in 1928 as "Lord" Baldwin, b

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it is inexcusable to put the date "26th November, 1922," on Lloyd George's offer of Manchester, which Temple *accepted* in 1920, and to describe the Bank Officers' Guild (which, to his biographer's horror, the Archbishop visited not long before he died) as "the most 'Left' of all the bank clerks' organisations" when it is the *only* bank clerks' union. However, this is, for the most part, a very well documented book.

MAURICE CRANSTON

R. L. S.

Robert Louis Stevenson. DAVID DAICHES. *McLellan. 7s. 6d.*

The writer who creates a personal legend becomes in the end, a case. This is what has happened to Stevenson. No other writer so successfully acted the part of being a writer and so pleased the public by these intimate professional performances. Afterwards when the curtain went down, we were left with a sense the theatre often leaves: there was nothing substantial there. Why did such a talent, one with the ring of greatness, fail to reverberate? We drift further and further from his work and more and more to his case: like D. H. Lawrence, another legend, Stevenson now provokes a clinical interest.

The value of Mr. David Daiches' little study (a European's contribution to the lively American series of critical appraisals published by New Directions) is that it patiently brings the work of Stevenson, book by book, to the foreground and pushes the legend back. The judgments on both are acute. Scottish readers, with their thorough literary culture and their profound native respect for craftsmanship, have never underestimated the large technical ability of Stevenson as a novelist; they are, for instance, more likely to attribute the fatal break in *The Master of Ballantrae* to the change of narrators (as Mr. Daiches does) than to the typical Stevenson failure in the drawing of the central female character on whom the story turns. *Treasure Island* is admired for its brilliant deploying of narrative: *Kidnapped* for the same, but also for its saturation in the Scottish scene. *Weir of Hermiston* is the great fragment where at last all the separate strains of Stevenson are made to converge upon a theme elaborately his own, and where he spoke in his mature and natural voice. And this uncovers Mr. Daiches' shrewd answer to the old question: why is Stevenson a writer of brilliant beginnings?

When one considers how early Stevenson dedicated himself to literature and how hard he worked at his craft, it is perhaps surprising that he arrived so late at the discovery of the kind of writing in which alone real greatness lies. The fact is less surprising, however, if one realises that the writer who sets out from the beginning to be a professional author, whose ambition is to write and be published and achieve a reputation, is much more likely to bog down in petty craftsmanship than the writer who produces a book out of the necessity provided by compelling insight. Stevenson was for a long time much more anxious to write than to write about any particular subject. . . . He came to literature with too many words and too few insights and it took time for his insights to catch up with his technique.

Weir of Hermiston suggests, as Mr. Daiches says, that the insights had at last caught up; for the first time, a crucial reluctance was overcome and Stevenson was able to put a real woman in the foreground of a story. Then the concern with absolute evil (a typically Calvinist preoccupation) was properly rooted in human experience and conscience and was no longer a brilliant sectarian fantasy useful to the writer of thrillers. Until *Weir*, one always catches Stevenson faking. With the resources of a sedulous ambition, he used every artifice to load imaginative importance on to what were really simple adventure stories, and the artificiality of the attempt was obvious. The detail might charm, the atmosphere might be "talked in" with the eloquence of the traditional Scottish raconteur, the insights might startle, but the whole never belonged to a single plane and never convinced.

And here we are brought back to the *case* of Stevenson. Praised for his courage in illness, his rebellion against middle class urban life and its conventions, his Bohemianism, his struggle against poverty, Stevenson deluded his contemporaries—as they wished and paid to be deluded—and went through these phases like an actor. Mr. Daiches does not, I think, say enough about the actor in Stevenson, though he does note that in the end Stevenson always played safe. Prudence is his strongest quality. He compromised with his parents. His Bohemianism had the practical moral streak. If it is true that his wife was one of those possessive women who forbade him to recall or reflect upon his past love affairs and so dried up an important source of imaginative life, Stevenson concurred:

> He plays the part of a moralist all the more readily in order to cover up what is perhaps a secret feeling that when the real choice came he had neither the courage nor the selfishness to act on his own principles.

The biographers can say what they like about Mrs. Stevenson, but it was while he was with her that he first drew the portrait of a real woman and even one known to be modelled on his earliest love. One does not criticise the compromises of Stevenson, for they represented the stages of self-knowledge, and in the tranquillity of his marriage and by the time of his death Stevenson had the air of beginning to know who and what he was. One says he "had the air", for one can never be quite sure; in a life as broken up and short as his was, one always has to resist the attempt to extend it too optimistically.

As Mr. Daiches admirably points out, the positive things in him are, first the belief he shared with Fielding that "the good heart" atones for many sins and vagaries; and secondly his eager and delightful expression of an emotion commoner in Celtic and American literature than our own: the expatriate's feeling of nostalgia, the emotions of the life that is consumed by dreams of persons, causes and places. This emotion is becoming noticeable in modern feeling and if it becomes stronger, it is possible that we may return to Stevenson without embarrassment. But we shall still see him as a victim of his time, struggling to get out of the actor's apparel, one of the earliest refugees.

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"diplomatic neutralisation" of the scene of the sinking. U-boat Command diverted other submarines to the rescue, uncoded signals went out in English reporting the position, and French warships put out from Dakar to help in the search for survivors. While all this was going on and U.156, with 172 Italian and 21 British survivors on board, had taken four boatloads of other survivors in tow, an American four-engined Liberator arrived to drop bombs among the boats, capsizing one and damaging the submarine. The Commander's log entry is laconic: "Ready with life-jackets. Order: all British overboard. Then, as the battery bilge compartment fills with gas, Italians also overboard (I have no escape breathing apparatus for them)."

U.152 abandoned the position and all further attempts at rescue. The Commander's position had been difficult, commented Admiral Dönitz when he read the report: "He acted in good faith. . . . The incident is proof again of what a handicap humane feelings towards such an enemy may prove to be."

Germany made the most of this horrible fiasco. As a justification for murder masquerading as "operational necessity," it was the mainspring of the defence in the *Peleus* trial, which is fully documented in this first volume of a new "War Crimes Trials Series". The *Peleus* was a Greek tramp freighter of 8,833 tons, under charter to the British Ministry of War Transport. At about seven o'clock on the evening of March 13th, 1944, she was steaming alone in mid-South Atlantic, bound in ballast from Freetown for the Plate and completely unaware that she was being stalked by a U-Boat. As soon as the tropical night had fallen, suddenly and without warning two torpedoes struck her and she sank in two minutes. Those of the crew who had survived the tremendous explosion clung precariously to rafts and floating wreckage; and out of the darkness came U.852, in surface trim, to cruise about enquiring the name of the *Peleus*. The Greek Third Officer and a Russian seaman were taken aboard the U-Boat for interrogation. Having successfully told the usual lies, they were put back on their raft with the assurance that "the English would pick them up." And then they and their fellow-survivors were systematically killed off with machine-gun fire and grenades. The Germans took about five hours to do this, hunting about with a signalling lamp, spraying bullets and hurling grenades at intervals.

But such a job had better be done completely or not at all. It was natural that the Commander should want to destroy all evidence of the sinking if he could, since a whole day at full steam ahead would only get him 150 miles away—a few minutes' hop to an aircraft. Did this justify him in killing off the helpless survivors? He didn't even think so himself—he pleaded that the firing was intended solely to sink the rafts and wreckage. (Sink *wooden* wreckage, he was asked? No answer.) But he had, after all, missed five of the *Peleus* men, who got together on a raft when the U-Boat finally left the scene. One of the five died with gangrenous wounds the next day—his companions waited until nightfall to push his body off, because "many sharks had gathered round the wreckage and we didn't want to see him eaten". Another—the Third Officer—died of wounds after 25 days on the raft. After 37 days a Portuguese steamer picked up the remaining three and landed them at Lobito.

Less than a month later the U.852 was herself attacked by air and beached on the coast of Somaliland, five officers and 54 other ranks being taken prisoner. The Commander's log, captured intact (and reproduced in this book), supported in every detail the statements of the three survivors of the *Peleus*; and the Commander and four officers were duly brought to trial before the War Crimes Court at Hamburg, a trial conducted like an English court-martial—though under what appear to be French rules about hearsay. The Commander and two others were shot, a fourth was imprisoned for life and the fifth for fifteen years.

"Operational necessity," then, as seen through both ends of the telescope. When I began reading this terrible book, I thought that the classification of the arts of modern war into categories of greater and lesser brutality, some punishable after the war and some not, served only to perpetuate the pernicious doctrine that modern war is a dangerously heroic game to be played according to rules of chivalry, instead of an unspeakable outrage on human reason. This feeling begins to weaken as you read the legalistic claptrap with which Professor Wegner, a distinguished German international jurist, sought to exculpate the accused men—a torrent of casuistry that achieved lucidity only in the bits where it advertised his own books and essays. The feeling almost disappears when, reading the evidence of the German crew, you find how uneasy they were about the whole episode, how, even in the tenseness of the ghastly scene itself, they felt that they were taking part in a criminal and punishable atrocity. The report of the trial shows that they shared an unmistakeable awareness, if not of a supra-national Law with a capital "L" and an ideal existence of its own, at least of a possible nemesis that might be called into action by ultimate defeat in the war—whether international justice, revolutionary justice, or a short continuation of the shooting with one belligerent in handcuffs. (It might have been Conscience, only we have Professor Wegner's own word for it that "the psychology of the world has changed".) It is still, perhaps, a moral embarrassment that the perpetrators of such deeds are not prosecuted regardless of their status as friends or foes—few men who saw active service in either war can say that they never once witnessed an "atrocity" on our own side, and it is an inadequate gloss for the story of Hiroshima to compare it favourably with the discriminating homicide of the man with the machine-gun. But a precedent of any kind is desperately better than no precedent at all: the nations are acquiring a Common Law.

This book is admirably arranged for reading as a narrative—though I would recommend reading the Appendices first, especially the Log of U.852 kept by Kapitänleutnant Heinz Eck; and why, oh why, is there is no index? I've made my own, as I usually do. But this will be by far the most important series of trials that the publishers have ever done, and I beg them to provide indices for the rest.

C. H. ROLPH

RECENT ART BOOKS

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uries has always been provincial and smug, has ended to degenerate into lists compiled from arish registers and to take no account of parallel evelopments on the Continent. For this reason he photographic exhibition organised in 1941 by he Institute, designed to demonstrate visually the mpact of Mediterranean culture on Great Britain rom prehistoric times to the present day, came s a surprise and a revelation to hundreds of isitors; particularly to soldiers like myself who ravelled to London on leave from a dreary Anti-Aircraft Battery, thirsting in vain for original orks of art. The book under review, with arious additions and omissions, is the fruit of hat Exhibition.

The book is chiefly valuable for the variety and hoice of the illustrations (though the quality of he reproductions is not consistently high), and or the light it throws on British art in the early Middle Ages, and on Italian elements in English ighteenth-century architecture. No native cholars are so well-equipped to assess the extent nd character of Mediterranean influence in Eng-and during the periods that Dr. Saxl and Dr. Wittkower have made their special provinces. Other sections are comparatively perfunctory in reatment, or merely restate what is already well nown. It is unfortunate, for instance, that Dr. Wittkower could not have exercised as much in-enuity in uncovering Pre-Raphael elements in Pre-Raphaelite painting as he has in uncovering Palladian elements in English Palladianism. But ow that someone has had the brilliant idea of book of this kind, there is no reason why others hould not follow along the same lines.

Students of the history of art will always re-main indebted to the Phaidon Press for its publi-ation of a series of volumes on the drawings at Windsor Castle. The latest in the series is de-oted to Canaletto, who is more fully represented s a draughtsman and as a painter in the Royal Collection than anywhere else in the world. In his volume are reproduced nearly 150 splendid hotographs of Canaletto's drawings, ranging rom hurried notes to meticulous descriptions of he play of light on stone and water. Canaletto onducts us by gondola around Venice, pausing at is favourite palaces and churches, insisting on he solidity and stateliness of the buildings how-ever fugitive may be their shadows and reflec-ions. To introduce the artist, the Phaidon Press as been fortunate in securing the services of our greatest Canaletto scholar, Dr. Parker, of the shmolean Museum, who has already done jus-ice to Holbein in a companion volume. Young men strolling through the Corridor at Windsor or turning over sheets of Canaletto drawings in the Royal Library, bubble over with clever ideas; Dr. Parker remains silent and meditative. He never commits himself to an unqualified state-ment; he knows too well that Canaletto scholar-ship is still in its adolescent stages, that letters and documents still lurk unconsulted in public and private libraries, that new evidence is bound to emerge which will turn cleverness into non-sense. His introduction and catalogue entries are guarded like armoured cars: behind slanting metal he advances, proof against attack from every direction. This is not to say that his observations rattle like dry bones. On the contrary, they are charged with wit and picturesqueness, unexpected in so tidy a scholar. The subject of Canaletto and his relations with Consul Smith are in any case so fascinating that even the bare facts, culled from manuscripts in the British Museum, make profit-able reading.

For it is now well known that this collection was purchased *en bloc* by George III from Joseph Smith, a scandalous old gentleman who lived in a palazzo in Venice, and had been British Consul there for thirty years. He was a close friend of Canaletto, and had built up the finest collection of his paintings and drawings in existence. Refer-ences, mostly hostile, to the Consul are to be found in Casanova's memoirs, in Horace Wal-pole's letters, in Gradenigo's *Notatori* and *Annali*, and elsewhere in the literature of the period; from such sources a life-size portrait could be assembled. The way lies open to the bio-grapher of Consul Smith. Let us hope that this enviable, necessary task is not entrusted to a slick, female novelist with a taste for scandal but to a thoughtful student of the history of taste and manners. Whoever undertakes it will find Dr. Parker's account of Smith's activities as a patron of the arts the most cautious and learned that has so far appeared in print.

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CORRECTION

The two-volume American edition of the works of Tom Paine, mentioned by Professor Laski in his review last week is edited by Phillip S. Foner.

Week-end Competitions

No. 971

Set by Sebastian

The art of ruining one's chances in applying for a job by some careless, all-too-revealing sentence is illustrated by the case of a young man applying for a position at a public school. To the question "What are your hobbies?" he replied "Taking girls out in punts." Competitors are asked to compose a dialogue of up to 150 words commemorating a fatal and preferably subtler gaffe of this kind. Entries by October 5th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 967

Set by Richard Lister

Six Guineas in prizes are offered for a case history, such as one comes across in psycho-analytical textbooks, of one of the following: Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Johnson, Wagner, Marx, Freud, Dr. Arnold.

Report by Richard Lister

On the whole more chances were missed than taken in this competition. The Wagner entries were particularly disappointing, only R. S. Jaffray approaching the standard. Mr. Gladstone was the most popular choice (I was sorry no-one offered any explanation of the persistence of the "Mr." clinging to his name.) I enjoyed Isabel M. Laird's final paragraph:

> William had three elder brothers and his father was a Sir. Four male superiors had at times, he felt from the first, to be placated. He became Prime Minister four times, and with the typical exaggeration of anxiety, wrote his life story in eight volumes.

J. R. Majer's Marx had the right kind of fantasy.

> The case of K.M. is an interesting one. A wealthy mill-owner by profession, he had the delusion that the workers at his mill, whom he believed were all illegitimate sons of his father's, were plotting to murder him and seize his mill. To escape this persecution he had fled to England.

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One of to-day's problems is that of making the best use of **leisure hours.** To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the material post-war advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and develop-ment of mental abilities. Moreover, under ex-perienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation.

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Terence Melican was very good on Arnold and would have gained a prize if he hadn't written on Matthew instead of Thomas, but his end deserves quotation.

The conflict was not resolved, however, and produced guilt-feelings, which finally drove this patient so far beyond the pleasure principle that he became an Inspector of Schools.

R. S. Kirschner (very difficult to read) Caligula and John Grant were other runners up. I recommend J. R. Till for a first prize of two guineas; and four prizes of one guinea each to the entrants printed below.

DR. JOHNSON

Age : Refuses to give.

Occupation : Sedentary worker.

Family : Father (depressive), mother (religious), younger brother (dead), wife (twenty years older).

Appearance : Tension revealed in spasmodic gestures and nervous twitchings.

Conversation : Uninhibited (superficially). Frequent tendency to begin remarks with "Sir" (father substitute). Asked me if I were a foreigner (repressed hatred of supposed rival for parental affections). Dream analysis should reveal inner meaning of symbolical phrases like "clearing the mind of cant."

Symptoms : Compulsive habits (touching posts and picking up orange peel). Masochistic bouts of self-reproach for "inertia" and "corruption." Morbid fear of insanity and death. Excessive admiration for established forms of government and religion, and equally intense terror of Divine wrath (all father fixations). Powerful guilt feelings (admits to keeping padlock and fetters).

Diagnosis : Obvious cyclothymic type with pyknic characteristics and hypochondria deriving mainly from a grossly enlarged Super-Ego. Transference should be easy after first few years of analysis. Plenty of material likely for clinical biography of classic proportions. As temporary measure have advised patient to take up book-binding. Might start with dictionary. J. R. TILL.

KARL MARX.

In the case of "M" all the usual features were magnified by his exceptional intellectual ability, and his Jewish origin would appear to explain the messianic elements in his character.

The unconscious aggressiveness of "M" turned him into a dominating unlovable personality which projected itself into the grandiose conception of an all powerful but loveless state, indicating an unhappy father and son relationship in his early childhood. His mental power combined with a phenomenal capacity for rationalisation, enabled him to produce involved world embracing theories which were very impressive both to himself and to the many disciples who gathered round him.

It is interesting to note that although his ideas had all the appearance of great human creativeness, the real emphasis was nihilistic. His avowed love of humanity was associated with a ruthlessness which indicated his ambivalent attitudes.

Although "M" denounced religion, his activities had the usual religious elements. He pursued undeviating doctrines with a sense of mission and prophetic zeal. His attitude to heretics was in line with that of religious leaders of the past.

In the last analysis, it became clear that this was a straightforward case of early emotional conflict expressing itself aggressively in the drive for power. I. DRAZIN.

DR. ARNOLD.

The patient, a man in the prime of life, the Headmaster of a well-known public school, was hostile to analysis, and refused co-operation until convinced of its compatability with the Anglican faith. He complained of general fatigue and frequent attacks of retching, which his own medical adviser had been unable to treat successfully.

It was found that the attacks would occur shortly after Tea, with which it was his custom to eat pastries known as "gingerbread men": gingerbread figures cut from a common mould, which, he insisted, must carefully be covered with gilt paper after cooking. Should any of these gingerbread men vary in any respect from the common pattern, he would become angry, and beat the cake with his spoon, refusing to eat it.

Only after prolonged analysis could Dr. A. bring himself to recognise the significance of the gingerbread figures and the gilt paper (note also the revealing pun) whereupon the attacks disappeared. Further investigation, however, was prevented by his death of mortification, consequent upon the disappearance also of the superiority feeling on which his life had been based. "But if I am not God, who is?" were his last words before expiring. J. G. BOWEN.

MR. GLADSTONE.

It is unfortunate that we have no record of urination (clinical) before the tenth year. This would have established the Id's ultimate desire for power, and been a pointer to the later establishment of the Empirical Self in political ardour. We know, however, that the patient stood on a chair previous to puberty and made a speech; this is the first hint, and is important in placing the nature of the later repression, engendered by a too acute repetition-compulsion. Marriage to a mate of low somatic persistence level reveals the final step to the domination of the super-ego. As is natural in such cases, a Natal Complex reacts on forcibility; the patient's fondness for egg-flips shows a desire to return to the maternal womb, milk puddings to the breast. The psychogalvanic reflex is replaced by a fascination with time and realisation of routine behaviourism. This is another signal of the repression of the libido in the final degeneracy into uterine wish-compulsion. Prices, too, are closely observed and the condition of prostitutes improved—a sure signal of abandoned primacy reasserting itself in Second Period of the Genital Zone. The preoccupation of the Past is at last superseded; in the man's desire to be buried with his wife we find the wish for sex to survive death—a happy and complete destruction of self-imposed censorship. FALAMBUCO.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Sixty years old. Suffers from continual oratorical readiness and lack of restraint. Finds it painfully easy to express himself. Has an uncontrollable desire to make speeches at all times. This makes ordinary conversation impossible. Finds smiling difficult and has never wished to laugh.

Third son of Scottish parents (which accounts for anti-humour complex). Educated by local vicar, who no doubt sowed seeds of excessive piety. At Eton learned Greek and Latin, but still failed in frivolity. Speech complex unfortunately aggravated by attendance at "Pop." Played cricket and football tepidly at Oxford, but was a great walker. (Rhymes with "talker": this is significant).

Found himself drifting irresistibly into politics. Even religious convictions failed to avert this catastrophe. On the contrary, heard inner voices commending political career. (Possibly sub-conscious identification with oratorical prophets of Old Testament). Is now Prime Minister, and fears his case is hopeless. Orates at home, at dinner-table, even to the Queen. Made pathetic attempt at Windsor to by-pass anti-humour complex by cracking joke. Queen said: "We are not amused." Is trying psycho-analysis as last resort, but believes nothing can make him reasonably colloquial and fit for human intercourse. TOWANBUCKET.

I must apologize to readers for the fact that the results of Competitions No. 967 and 968 have appeared in reverse order.

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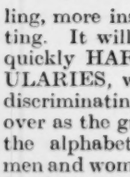

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STATE of Tasmania. Applics. are invited for appointment as Director of Adult Education for the State of Tasmania. Appointee will be reqd. to plan and organise the development of a system of Adult Education, together with informal cultural and artistic activities, throughout the State. Appointment will not be subject to provisions of the Public Service Act, but leave of absence will be allowed on the scale applicable to officers of the Public Service. Appointment will be made for a minimum period of three yrs. Salary will be at the rate of £1,000 p.a., plus a cost-of-living allowance (now £46 p.a.) in Australian currency. Appointee will be reqd. to contribute to the Superann. Fund. Two-thirds of fares of appointee and family to Tasmania will be advanced on certain conditions. Further partics. obtainable from any University in the United Kingdom, or from Agent-General for Tasmania, Golden Cross House, Charing Cross, London, W.C.2. Closing date for receipt of applics., Oct. 30, 1948.

B.B.C. invites applics. for follg. posts in European Talks and English Department; Overseas Services: (A) Senior Assistant, and (B) Assistant. Work involves the compilation of a daily review of the world's Press with particular relation to European affairs. Candidates should have a close knowledge of current affairs, and an ability to handle and condense considerable quantities of agency, monitoring and Press material. A reading kndge. of at least two European langs. is desirable. Salary for Senior Assistant on scale rising by annual increments of £50 to a max. of £1,100 p.a. Salary of Assistant on scale rising by annual increments of £40 to a max. of £890 p.a. (C) Assistant—the work involves the writing of topical commentaries on domestic and foreign affairs, the commissioning of talks and briefing and rehearsing of speakers. Candidates should have a good cultural background and a kndge. of Europe. Sal. on scale rising by annual increments of £40 to a max. of £890 p.a. (D) Programme Assistant—Work involves general assistance in production of English programmes for European listeners, which are mainly concerned with current affairs. A good cultural background and a kndge. of European affairs are essential, and some exp. of news work would be an advantage. Sal. on a scale rising by annual increments of £40 to a max. of £890 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, W.1, marked "European (A), (B), (C) or (D), Asst. Stm." accordingly, within 7 days. For guidance, enclose s.a.e.

UNIV. of Manchester. Applics. invited for posts of Warden and Resident Tutor at Dalton Royde Residential College. The Warden will have the status of Lecturer, the Resident Tutor the status of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer according to qualific. and exp. Salary of Lecturer £500 to £800 p.a. Initial salary according to qualifics. and exp. Salary of Assistant Lecturer £450 p.a. Applicants should have a good Hons. degree in History, Social Subjects, English, Philosophy, or Geography, and must have had successful exp. in adult education. They will be expected to take up their duties on Jan. 1, 1949, or as soon as possible thereafter. Further partics. and forms of applic. obtainable from Registrar, University, Manchester, 13, to whom applics. should be sent by Oct. 22, 1948.

LEEDS College of Art. Principal: E. E. Pullee, A.R.C.A., F.S.A.E. Applics. invited from suitably qualified and expd. men for post of Head of the School of Design, to start duty in Jan., 1949. Salary scale: Min., £950; annual increments, £25; max., £1,050. Additions for graduate or equivalent qualific. and approved training. Further partics. and form of application, which should be returned by Oct. 9, may be obtained by sending a s.a. foolscap env. to Director of Education, Education Offices, Leeds, 1.

THE British Council invites applics. for the post of Lecturer at the British Institute, Milan. Duties, to lecture on British Institutions and social organisation and to organise adult study groups in these subjects. Candidates must be men aged between 28 and 40. Univ. honours degree and a knowledge of British social services essential; exp. in adult education, pref. in an industrial area, and some knowledge of Italy and of Italian desirable. Starting salary according to age, qualifics. and exp. within range £450–£600 p.a., with free accomm. and rations and a personal local allowance of £25 p.a., and if married a marriage allowance at the rate of 25% of his basic salary with free accomm. but not rations for his wife. Write, quoting title of post, and enclosing s.a. foolscap env. for applic. form and further partics., to The Director, Personnel Dept., The British Council, 3 Hanover St. London, W.1, to whom completed form should be returned by Oct. 9.

INSTITUTE of Psychiatry (Univ. of London), (The Bethlem Royal Hospital and the Maudsley Hospital). Vacancies exist in the Psychological Department for Projective Techniques Expert (salary £600 p.a.); Junior Clinical Psychologists (salary £500 p.a.); and Junior Statistical Assistant (salary £500 p.a.). Appointment is pensionable under the F.S.S.U. scheme. Applics., within a week of appearance of this advertisement, to Secy., Institute of Psychiatry, at Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

Appointments Vacant—continued

WOLVERHAMPTON Educ. Ctee. Applics. invited from suitably qualified candidates (men and women) for post of Educational Psychologist to advise teachers and others as to treatment of certain difficult children and to have charge of the Child Guidance Clinic. Scale: £585 by £20 to £680, with commencing sal. according to exp. Post is subject to provisions of Local Govt. or Teachers' Superann. Act, and successful candidate will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. Applicants should possess an hons. degree in psychology or its equivalent, and should have had Child Guidance training and exp. with children as well as training in intelligence testing at a recog. training centre. Further partics. from Director of Education, Wolverhampton, to whom completed applics. should be sent by Oct. 9.

NATIONAL Association of Maternity and Child Welfare Centres. Applics. invited for Secretary from well-educated women with exp. of social and admin. work, and contact with Local Govt. Authorities, to start work in Nov. Kndge. of cttee. procedure and office management essentl. Sal. £500, rising to £700. Apply: Secy., N.A.M.C.W.C., 5 Tavistock Pl. London, W.C.1.

L.C.C. Applics. invited for appointment as Warden of the girls' side of Stamford House Remand Home for Boys and Girls, 206A Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.12, with accomm. for 36 girls up to age of 17 who are awaiting appearance before or on remand from the juvenile court, or awaiting placing in an approved school. Under administrative control of superintendent of the combined establishment, the Warden will be responsible for education, supervision, welfare and training of the girls. Person appointed need not necessarily be a teacher, but must be a woman of wide social exp. with admin. capacity and ability to deal with girls of unstable character and temperament. Salary: If a teacher, Burnham (London) Scale with two additional increments throughout the scale carried beyond maximum, plus special responsibility allowance of £50 p.a. and emoluments of board, lodging (s.-c. three-roomed flat), and laundry. If not a teacher, £380–£12–£566, with similar emoluments. Previous exp. and qualifics. taken into account in determining commencing salary. A non-teacher would be reqd. to contribute to Council's Superann. and Provident Fund. Applic. forms from Education Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a. env. necessary), returnable by Oct. 23, 1948. (1945.)

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THE Family Welfare Association invite applics. for the post of Secretary in their District Offices. Candidates (men or women) should be between ages of 25-40 and should hold a degree, and/or a Diploma or Cert. in Social Studies of a recog. University. Salary during training will commence at £225 p.a. or according to exp. Applics., giving full partics., and names and addresses of 2 persons for ref. should be sent to General Secy., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. S.W.1.

L.C.C. Resident Assistant Matron reqd. at Hornchurch Children's Home, Romford, Essex. Duties include assistance to the matron in the domestic administration of the Home and supervision and guidance of staff caring for the children. The home, which is in the charge of a Superintendent, has accomm. for 390 children of all ages. Annual salary £240, rising by annual increments of £10 to £260 p.a. with tax-free emoluments of board, lodging, laundry and uniform. Send s.a.e. for applic. form and further details to Education Officer (Estab. 6D/100), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (1932.)

WELLGARTH Nursery Training College (Inc.), Wellgarth Road, London, N.W.11. The Committee invites applics. for appointment of Principal. Post, which is resident, reqs. a good administrator with wide interests and initiative, and exp. in training of Students for Nursery work. A thorough knowledge of care of small children from a few weeks to five years is essential, and some exp. of Nursery School work desirable. Salary from £350 p.a. with residence according to qualifications and exp. Apply to Chairman at above address.

BANSTEAD Hospital Management Committee. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. at Banstead Hospital (for nervous and mental disorders), Sutton, Surrey. Shou'd hold recognised qualific. Out-patient Clinics are attached to Hospital. Salary scale £370–£20–£530. Commencing salary according to exp. Married women eligible. Non-resident. Apply to Physician Superintendent.

COUNTY Hospital, Doddington, Cambs. Applics. invited from qualified Physiotherapists for appointment of Physiotherapist in charge of the Hospital's small Physiotherapy Dept. Salary in accdnce. with the recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Cttee. (Hosp. Staffs). Applics. with copies of testimonials to the Surgeon Superintendent.

EXPERIENCED Sales Representative required with technical knowledge of thermo-plastic and thermo-setting mouldings and fabrications. Box 5408.

SECRETARY required (male or female) for Director of textile manufacturing and retailing business. Persons who combine intelligence and versatility with efficient shorthand-typing apply stating age, experience, salary reqd., to Box 5447.

Appointments Vacant—continued

THE Family Welfare Association invite applics. for posts of Assistant Secretary in their District Offices. Applicants (women only) should be between ages of 25-45 and should be of good general educ. and have had some exp. in social work. Salaries on appointment £250–£300 p.a. Applics., giving full partics. and names and addresses of 2 persons for ref., should be sent to General Secy., Family Welfare Assocn., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. S.W.1.

THE Federation of Girls' Clubs in Northern Ireland. The Executive Committee of the Federation invites applics. for post of Field Organiser for Northern Ireland. Person appointed will require to have had training in Youth work, organising exp., and have a kndge. of Northern Ireland. Pref. given to ex-Service candidates possessing reqd. qualifics., provided Committee is satisfied that such candidates can or within a reasonable period will be able to carry out the duties efficiently. Commencing sal. £300. Forms of applic. and conditions of service may be obtained from Secy., Bryson House, 28 Bedford St. Belfast.

PRESS Department of Jewish Organisation requires well-educated shorthand-typist with secretarial exp.; gd. working hrs. and prospects. Box 5698.

Appointments Wanted

LADY Secretary (25) seeks interesting post offering scope. Experienced, efficient. London preferred. Box 4952.

YOUNG woman seeks position of interest in Concert Agency or similar organisation. Experience in administration, wide knowledge of musical affairs home and abroad, typing, etc. Box 5410.

EXP. Journalist, literary beginner, specialist theatre, cinema, literature, seeks lift from suburban rut to worthwhile job. Write quickly or else I rot! Box 5423.

GRAD. (Hons. Oxon.), editl., teaching, social service exp., ex-borough councillor now housewife and mother, skg. int. pt.-time paid wk. Wd. invest small sum. Box 5435.

YOUNG woman, 4-yr. course Univ. degr. of Licenciée es-Lettres classiques, native French, compl. command of Engl., seeks post as teacher of French with Engl. secy. school during acad. yr. 1948-49. Box 5457.

Where to Stay

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